

The Blood of My Blood

by kyuuley

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Summary: We all know what it was like for Hiccup to face the village's rejection on his own, but what if he didn't have to? This is Snowstorm, his strong-willed and fiercely loyal younger sister. Together they will uncover the truth behind the centuries long war between their people and the Dragons, with the help of a certain offspring of lightning and death.

1. Prologue

**Hello, it's nice to meet you. I'm glad that you choose to give my story a try. So from what you gathered from the summary this is my take on what would be like if Hiccup had a younger sibling instead of having to deal with everything on his own. **

Disclaimer: I own nothing. All rights go to DreamWorks and Cressida Cowell. Now that that's out of the way enjoy!

* * *

><p>Prologue

Vikings, powerful fearless warriors from the northern isles: men and women capable of crushing mountains, leveling forests, and taming seas. Fierce fighters that never backed down during battle; whether it be nearby tribes, bloodthirsty pirates, or the soulless devils they called dragons. Yes, Vikings were a race of strong, tough-as-nails warriors that could face any horror life threw at them without the slightest cringe. Except, for some, when that horror was that wonderful miracle called childbirth.

"AAHHHHH!" Stoick the Vast winced at the sound of his wife's pain filled screams. Silently agreeing with her when ever she cursed his existence, blaming him for the torture she was being put through by their child.

Honestly he couldn't understand why it was taking so long. Hiccup, though borne two months too early, had only put his mother through half a day's labor. As though impatient to enter the world that rainy spring day near three years ago.

This child, however, seemed to absolutely loathe the idea of leaving his mother's womb. Overstaying his welcome to the point that it worried the midwives and had Valhallarama contemplating slicing her belly open just to get the baby out. And now, near two days ago, the child finally decided to make its appearance in the mist of their preparations for an upcoming blizzard. Barely giving Val enough time to drop Hiccup off at his brother's and call for the midwife along with the village elder. It seemed to him that the baby was regretting its decision to be borne now, as is sensing the blizzards raging outside.

Stoick was brought out of his thoughts by an extremely loud scream followed shortly by another. Past experience has taught him that the baby was nearly out. Anxiety washing over him Stoick began to pace in front of the door waiting for the tell-tale cry of his babe's first cry.

He heard Val give one last pain choked cry only to have it followed by silence. Panic swelled inside his chest at the sound of rushed movements and Val's worried murmurs. Not knowing what to do he did what a Viking did best, he took action. And so with one swift movement he entered the room completely ignoring the scolding from the midwives inside instead focusing on his wife.

Wrapping his arms around her Stoick turned his gaze towards their child. He wasn't hard to stop with the two midwives huddled around it trying to coax him to breath. From where he was Stoick could see the child's face, it was blue nearly purple bringing its downy red hair dramatically. Unable to bare the pain any longer Stoick turned his gaze way praying deep in his heart to all the gods that his child would make. Then he heard it the most beautiful sound a man could ever hope to hear, his babe's first cry.

'Such a strong boy this one will be.' He thought looking over at the bustling midwives, who were cleaning the baby and checking if everything was alright with it. The rational part of his mind thought that he was being silly, he couldn't know what gender the baby was he didn't ask. But he knew in his gut that it was a boy, just like he had known with Hiccup.

After all there was no way that such a cry, so strong and powerful, could come from anything other than a boy. It was a cry that demanded attention and obedience. Far stronger than any of the other babe's he's heard in Berk even that of his nephew, Snotlout.

"Such a beautiful babe we've been given, Stoick." Said Val, her voice raw from screaming pulling him out of his thoughts as their newest child was placed in her arms.

He had a thick patch of bright red hair and ice blue eyes, though they could change color as he got older. His skin was snowy white with reddened cheeks from his crying earlier. He was a tiny little thing, almost as tiny as Hiccup, especially wrapped in all those furs. But Stoick knew that this child would be strong. He wouldn't be frail and sickly causing his parents to worry as to whether he would

make it through the winter. No, this child would cause no trouble to them at all.

"Have you thought of a name yet?" He asked.

"Nope, not yet, I was thinking you would like a say in this." She answered. Stoick thought for a moment, what would be the perfect name for their child? If have to be able to keep the trolls away but it had to show the promise of the great warrior his new son would be.

"Frostbite." He declared beaming with pride at his boy. One of the midwives giggled causing his to glare at her.

"That's a lovely name, love. It's such a shame that we won't be able to use it."

"Why not!?"

"Well for starters , " mused Val her tone playful. " She's a girl."

There you have it folks, Hiccup now has a cute little sister. The next step is giving the little rascal a name. I already have a few in mind but I would really appreciate your input on this too. Please keep in mind to use winter themed names, Ok? She was born during Devastating Winter after all.

2. This is Berk

A/N. Hey, at first I was thinking of writing the whole movie back to back but then the plot bunnies got ahold of me and this happened. So basically every once in a while I will be posting chapters that are in a way flashbacks. I want to do this to show the readers how things were within the Haddock family and their relationship with the village and how they contrast with how things are now (during the movie). It is also a way for me to show how important it is for a child to grow up in an emotionally stable supportive household. Please forgive my grammar and spelling errors, I am currently in need of a beta.

Before I forget the name of Hiccup's sister is (drumroll)â€|..SnowStorm Coughing Haddock. Thank you **xX KhaosSky Xx and** Live Laugh Play Music **for the ideas.**

**On with the show. Disclaimer : I own nothing, though it would be cool if I did. All credits go to DreamWorks and Cressida Cowell.
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* * *

><p>~~~~~Sexy Scene
change~~~~~

_This is Berk. It's twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. My village. In a word, sturdy. It's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunset. The only problems are the

pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes. We haveâ€¦.

"Dragons," I breathed out, sitting up in my bed at the tell-tale sounds of battle cries outside. So much for this week actually being peaceful. With a groan I quickly got out of bed slipping on my boots. Looking around my bed I saw that my cap was nowhere in sight.

_ 'Probably in Hiccup's side of the room,' _I thought, pulling back the foldable screen that kept our sides of the room separate.

"Morning, Snow," greeted Hiccup hopping about the room struggling to put on one of his boots. "Did you sleep well?"

"Not really, have you seen my cap?" I asked looking around the floor.

"It's on my desk, yes, finally!" answered Hiccup. Smiling triumphantly as he managed to get his foot into the resisting piece of clothing.

"Are we going to try the bola launcher today?" I asked tucking my hair, or lack thereof, into my cap. It's been nearly a year and its barely reaching my shoulders, the only bright side was that it was easier to manage now.

"Yup I got all the kinks out last week," he answered, practically racing down the stairs in excitement. I laughed rushing behind him, when Hiccup got excited about something it was hard not to join in.

"Good, I hope we get a really big one today," I said sincerely, barely managing to beat him to the door. Throwing it open I managed to get the attention of a Monstrous Nightmare outside, who thought it would be nice to send a ball of fire my way. Before I could blink Hiccup had slammed the door shut, pulling away from the flames in the process.

"That was close," murmured Hiccup, cautiously opening the door once the Nightmare had left. Nodding the Ok, we sped towards Gobber's forge, the old champ was probably wondering where we were right now.

Dodging low flying dragon, random bursts of flames, and armed Vikings telling us to get back inside/out of the way, we were half way towards Gobber's without any trouble. That is if you don't count that incident where we almost got an axe to our face by a random villager who had mistaken us for a Terrible Terror. On the bright side we hadn't run into Stoick, so- I felt something lift me up by my collar.

"What are you two doing out?!" Asked, well it was more like demanded, a very familiar voice. Looking up I saw our Chieftain, Stoick the Vast, glaring down at us. He looked really mad even more so when his eyes landed on Hiccup. Sticking out my chin I glared back letting him know my annoyance towards him. _ 'Trying to get to the forge, what does it look like we're doing?' _

"Get back inside," he said dropping us in the direction of Gobber's forge.

Wasting no time I took off running, not bothering to look back. A loud crash followed by surprised squawk rang behind me. I didn't have to turn around to know that Stoick had brought down another dragon. That man could pop a dragon's head clean off bare-handed.

~~~~~Sexy Scene  
Change~~~~~

"Nice of you two to going the party," greeted Gobber when we entered the forge, smiling cheeky at us. "I thought one of you got carried off." I don't like the way he looked at Hiccup when he said that, but this was Gobber so I guess it was all in good humor.

"Who me? I'm much too muscular for their tastes," responded Hiccup, flexing his arms to prove his point.

"They wouldn't know what to do with him," I added, giggling as Hiccup did an extra flex just for show.

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?" countered Gobber, chuckling at his own joke. I was tempted to roll my eyes, '\_that's nice remind the boy with body-image issues that he's practically a walking twig.' Instead I focused on heating up the coals, helping speed up the process in which Hiccup and Gobber could fix the weapons.

Work went in its usual routine with both men fixing and sharpening weapons and me assisting them in whatever way I could. Whether it was heating coals, turn the wet stones, or handing out the finished weapons. That is until familiar shouts rang by the forge drawing Hiccup's attention. Peering out the window beside him I saw the fire control team attempt to put out a house.

The team consisted of my cousin, Snotlout Jorgenson, who was once again trying to show off. The twins, Tuffnut and Ruffnut Thorston, who were busy bickering as usual. Hiccup's former good friend, Fishlegs Igeman, the poor boy looked so skittish trying to put out those flames. And last but not least (especially in her mind), the brave, the strong, the smart, the beautiful, the ever so humble (note the abundance of sarcasm) Astrid Hofferson.

Looking at them strut about, silhouetted by the roaring flames, all cheeky and confident brought a familiar sting of anger and disgust deep in my heart. It wasn't that long ago when Hiccup and I were part of that group. Even worse Hiccup used to lead that group having Astrid as his second-in-command and me as the mascot. We used to be so closed back then, loving and protecting one another like a miniature family. But then Momma died and everything went down the drain.

Daddy in his grief left in a blind attempt to find the nest soon after, only to return as Stoick the Vast my Daddy completely gone. Stoick was tougher on Hiccup, pushing him to be like the other Viking kids. Hiccup tried his hardest but failed every time, earning nothing but disappointed scowls. That's when Hiccup started to use his brains to make up for his lack of brawns. Sometimes they worked, like the grand torches used during the raids. But they also failed bringing disaster when they did. It angers me how the people here only seem to remember when they fail and the number of times Hiccup's ideas actually succeeded.

It was then when the others began to turn their backs on him, seeing him as a hindrance, something that would hold them back on their careers of becoming great warriors. By Thor, did I hate them for that. What made it worse was that they expected me to do the same. They thought that just because I had inherited my father's strength, just because I had 'great potential' at becoming one of Berk's greatest warriors that I should push my brother way. Just so I wouldn't get held back.

When I refused, rejecting them instead, they took it hard especially Astrid. Since then they had made it their mission to make me regret my decision, as if I ever would. I would walk into the mouth of a Monstrous Nightmare if I meant I could stay by my brother's side.

Glancing up as said brother I was saddened at the look of longing and awe on his face. I know for a fact that he wants nothing more, save Stoick's approval, than to be part of that group once more. Especially if it meant that he might have a chance, as small as it could be, with Astrid. I wasn't dumb nor was I blind, I was completely aware at what that dopey look on his face, like the one he had on right now, meant. Personally I think that he could do better, a whole lot better than her.

It's sickening to watch my brother pine over a girl who treated him like he didn't exist. I would have preferred it if it was Ruffnut he was drooling over. Sure, she treated him like a punching bag sometimes, but at least she acknowledged him. Astrid acted as if he wasn't worth the dirt on her boots. And that was on her nice days.

Gobber pulled me out of my thought, quite literally actually, alongside Hiccup back into the forge.

"Oh, come on. You've got to let me out, please. I need to make my mark," complained Hiccup once he was down.

"Oh, you've made plenty of marks, all in the wrong places."

"Just two minutes," pleaded Hiccup. "I'll kill a dragon and my life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date."

If there is one thing that I most about this village, other than its treatment of my brother, was its treatment of dragons. Fighting and subduing them during raids I get, that's self-defense. But to keep them locked up in cramped cages, only letting out to get beaten and abused by adrenaline-filled, glory craving teenagers, and then having some of them killed in a grand-coming-of-age ceremony. That's wasn't just cruel it was downright inhumane. I know for a fact that we treat (human) prisoners of war better than we treat the dragons. But sadly killing a dragon was Hiccup's only hope of finally getting accepted around here. Though I still say we should just leave and become merchants like Trader Johann.

"Look you can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an axe, you can't even throw one of these," countered Gobber, holding up a bola. Which was then snatched out of his hand by a random Viking: who then proceeded to use it to take down a Gronkle.

"No," said Hiccup, signaling me to help him pull out the launcher.  
"But this will throw it for me."

"Ta-da~" I sang patting the launcher proudly accidentally setting it off. It sent a bola flying into the air narrowly missing Gobber, and knocking out an upcoming Viking. "Oops, sorry!"

"See, thisâ€| this is what I'm talking about!"

"A minor calibration issue," tried Hiccup to explain, patting my head softly to let me know he wasn't upset with me.

"Hiccup! If you want to get out there to fight dragons you need to stop allâ€| this," chastised Gobber, using both 'hands' to point at Hiccup.

"You just pointed to all of him!" "You just pointed to all of me!" We both protested.

"That's it!" grinned Gobber. "Stop being all of you!"

I can't believe it, Gobber, out of all the people telling Hiccup to stop being, well Hiccup, it was unbelievable. I would have expected this from Stoick or someone else but never Gobber. He might as well tell Dagur to stop being such a sadistic psychopath and to start behaving like a decent human being, not possible.

"You-you, sir, are playing a dangerous game," stuttered Hiccup trying to stand his ground." Keeping this much raw 'Vikingness' contained! There will be consequences!"

"Major consequences," I added. It was true, at the rate people kept on pushing Hiccup back he's bound to snap sooner or later. My guess, later. But when he did it will be loud and it will be bloody.

"I'll take my chances," deadpanned Gobber, tossing Hiccup a sword.  
"Sword. Sharpen. Now."

Holding back a sigh I went back to heating the coals once more. Stealing a glance over at Hiccup I saw that he had that 'I'll show them' look on his face. Smiling softly to myself I wondered how we'll be able to sneak past Gobber.

~~~~~Sexy Scene  
Change~~~~~

It turned out that we didn't actually need to sneak past Gobber as he was needed in the battlefield. So after telling us to 'stay put, there,' he left us to our own devices. I pointed out to Hiccup that he had said 'there' and not 'here' as in the forge. We really didn't need a reason but it was nice to have an argument planned if we got caught. Odin only knows how many times we need one in the past.

And so here we are, waiting on top of a hill for something to shot at, dozens of deadly dragons within a 50 foot radius and only having a bucket of water to protect ourselves with. You'd think it'd be stupid but it's common knowledge that a wet dragon can breathe fire. So if I had to choose between a sword and a bucket full of water, I'd choose the bucket.

A loud tell-tale hiss filled the air, it was here. Looking up I saw a flash of blue streak across the sky hitting one of the watch towers. It erupted with a small wave of light giving a glimpse of a sleek silhouette racing past. That all that Hiccup needed. Aiming true, he fired a shot. A shocked roar was heard, followed by a loud crash.

"You did it," I whispered partly shocked that it actually worked.

"I did it," repeated Hiccup only louder. "Good Thor, Snow I did it!"

I don't know when we started but next thing I knew we were spinning around laughing, cheering, just plain celebrating his success. He did it, he truly did it. My big brother had done what no other had dreamed of, he had shot down the infamous Night Fury.

No longer would he have to suffer through angry scowls and disappointed glares. No more malicious teasing and beat ups. No more sneers and mocking looks. No more rejection. Finally my brother would get the respect that he truly deserved.

"You did it, you did it. I knew you would!" I chanted skipping around him as I did so.

"Gods, I did it! Did anyone else see that?" Called Hiccup looking around for anyone else near by.

Suddenly a menacing growl came from behind us, effectively killing our happy mood. Looking back we saw Monstrous Nightmare stepping towards us, crushing the launcher in the process, snarling threateningly.

"Well, of course you did," muttered Hiccup.

"Right when I dropped the bucket too," I added.

Wasting no time Hiccup bolted pulling me along as he did so. What people forget is that while Hiccup might not be strong he was incredibly fast. Years of being chased by bullies and dragons alike had made him pretty light on his problem was that while you could out run a grounded dragon you can't out run its fire. Case in point the skin melting flames being spit our way.

Thinking fast Hiccup pulled us behind one of the torch pillars saving us from getting roasted alive. This, however, didn't stop the dragon himself from going around the pillar, who was now mere inches away from my face. Holy mother of Freya, those are a lot of fangs.

Before I could scream someone had launched himself onto the Nightmare, opening my eyes I saw that it was Stoick. In retrospect I should've known it would be him, no one else was strong or skilled enough to tackle a Nightmare on their own, weaponless that is. Soon the fight was over, the Nightmare flew away and Stoick was now focusing his attention towards us.

Crack

The grand torch that was blocking us from his view was tipping over.

Groaning I covered my eyes when the metal holder detached from the base, rolling down the hill wrecking houses among other things.

"Sorry, Dad."

"I'm sorry, Father."

He just glared at us.

"Okay, but I hit a Night Fury."

Still silent he grabbed both of us by our collars dragging us in the direction of our house.

"This isn't like those other times, Dad, I really hit one this time. Tell him Snow!"

Looking up at Stoick I saw that he was more than frustrated, the man was exhausted. Anything that I could say to him would fall onto deaf ears. However, letting my brother down was not an option for me.

"It fell by Raven's Point," I said pointing in the direction the Night Fury had fallen. "We should send a search party be-"

"Stop! Just stop!" interrupted Stoick letting both of us go. "Every time both of you step outside disaster falls! Can you two not see that I have bigger problems, winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

'Well it's heartwarming to know that there are more important things out there than giving his own children 20 seconds of his attention,' I thought, scowling up at him.

"Um, between you and me the village could use a little less feeding, don't you think?" murmured Hiccup, trying to lighten the mood. It worked with me, I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing out loud, it didn't have the same effect on Stoick though.

"This isn't a joke Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't help myself," fumbled Hiccup in an attempt to explain himself. "I see a dragon and I just have to kill it."

'No, you see an opportunity to prove yourself to him.'

"It's who I am, Dad."

'No, it's not. It's who they are.'

"You are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer isn't one of them."

'**That **Stoick is the only thing we'll ever agree on.'

"Make sure they get to the house," told Stoick to Gobber, who nodded not before smacking us upside the head that is. "I have their mess to clean."

'_And we have a public humiliation to bare, thank you._ I thought scowling at Stoick's retreating back reluctantly following behind Gobber and Hiccup. My scowl only deepened when I saw **who** was in our way back towards the house. Like always the town hecklers were here to kick Hiccup when he was down. Lovely.

I could forgive the twin's comments it was in their nature to be rude and mean. Especially after I overheard them comment on how cool it would be to be able to destroy as many houses as Hiccup could. An unusual, indirect compliment but a compliment none the less.

Fishlegs was too soft spoken to try to defend Hiccup, so I let it slide. Astrid, well I'm not really sure but judging from her face I don't think that she even wants to bother. The only person I couldn't bring myself to forgive was Snotlout.

He was our cousin, our flesh and blood, if anyone should be standing up for Hiccup it should be him. Obviously he never got the message seeing as he was the most hurtful one of them all.

"I've never seen anyone mess up so badly," he cackled much too pleased with our public scolding than the others. "That really helped."

"Thank you, thank you, I was trying," answered Hiccup trying to down play their comments.

Gobber must have been as annoyed with Snotlout as much as I was 'cause he pushed the boy down with his hand as he passed him. Feeling spiteful I kicked Snotlout as hard as I could in the stomach when he was starting to get up. '_That ought to shut him for a while._

* * *

><p>"I really hit one," blurted out Hiccup as we neared our house.</p>

"Sure, Hiccup," murmured Gobber.

"He never listens," added Hiccup, stating what was really bothering him.

"Well it runs in the family," commented Gobber. I huffed in annoyance, earning an apologetic look from him. I listen far better than anyone of them, I have to considering how hard it is to get any input in this family at times.

"And when he does it's always with this disappointed scowl, like his been cheated or someone skimped on the meat on his sandwich." Continued Hiccup, venting out his feelings in full force. "'Excuse me, barmaid, I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fishbone!'"

I've known for a long time about Hiccup's insecurities regarding Stoick's, and the village's for that matter, expectations of him. But that didn't make it any less painful when hearing him voice them out loud. I hate how useless they make him feel. Why can't they just accept Hiccup for who he is?

"Now, you're thinking about this all wrong. It's not what you look like, it's what's inside that he can't stand," said Gobber.

"Gobber!" I snapped, glaring up at him. "That's not helping."

"Thank you, for summing that up," replied Hiccup sarcastically. Not in his usually 'trying to make this situation less awkward' sarcasm but the frustrated 'why can't I do anything right' sarcasm.

"Look, Hiccup, what Gobber was trying to say was that maybe you should stop trying to be something you're not," I said trying to make him feel a little bit better, praying deep in my heart that he'll listen.

"I just want to be one you guys," he sighed, stepping inside our house.

"What's wrong with just being yourself?" I whispered, following after him.

Once inside Hiccup didn't go upstairs to our room like he usually did. Instead he kept on moving past the stairs towards the back door.

"You're going to go look for the Night Fury," I said matter-a-factly, causing him to stop and look back at me.

"Yes." He didn't look deflated like earlier instead he had that look he had before in Gobber's forge.

I smiled. "Let me go get my first-aid kit first." He smiled back.

* * *

><p>There you have it folks the first chapter of the story. Can you believe that this is the only the first 8 minutes of the movie? I have a long way to go, don't I? And that's without the possibility of me writing about the TV series. Oh well, I guess that's just part of the fun.

**Don't forget to review, I want to know your honest to goodness opinion on how the story is going. Did you like Snow? Did you hate her? Let me know, I'm a big girl I can handle whatever you throw at me. **

Speaking of Snow, let me give a little bit of info on her. She is 12 years old were as Hiccup is 15. She has blood red shoulder length hair with soft curls and seafoam/minty green eyes. She's really petite, reaching Hiccup's shoulders with her boots on. However she is very strong, having had inherited Stoick's superhuman strength. That's all I'm going to give you right now, you'll have to stay tuned to find out more about her.

**Speaking of more I would like to warn you guys right now that I might not be able to update in a week or two. The only reason I was able to update so quickly right now was because I had late arrival at school today, thus more time. However, by doing so I pushed back a school project that will be due soon. So, I need to shift my focus

from my story and onto my school work. Thank you for understanding, and I'll see you as soon as I can without ruining my chances of graduating this year.**

3. This is Wrong

Hello, people I have finally finished the project of doom. So without further delay, on with the show.

Disclaimer: I own nothing. Even if I wish I did.

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><p>"Ok, those who stay will have to look after Hiccup and Snowstorm."<p>

Instantly hands shot up into the air followed by enthusiastic cries of agreement. Stoick nodded in approval at the number of Vikings volunteering to go look for the nest. Though, deep down it saddened him that he had to take such drastic measures. Did his children really have that bad of a reputation with the village?

"Well, I'll pack my undies," said his good friend, Gobber, rising from his seat.

"No, I need you stay and train some new recruits," said Stoick motioning him to sit back down.

"Oh great, and while I'm busy Hiccup can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor-sharp blades, lots of time to himself, what could possibly go wrong?"

"What am I going to do with him?" sighed Stoick, sitting down next to his friend.

"Put him in training with the others." Answered Gobber simply.

"I'm serious."

"So am I."

"Snowstorm will only want to join too, you know that."

"Then sign her up too."

Stoick looked at him as if he had grown two heads. To put Snowstorm and Hiccup together in dragon training, that was the worst recipe for disaster he had ever heard. Even worse than putting **just **Hiccup in training.

"She's only twelve, Gobber, much too young for that," argued Stoick. "She'll join training with the other kids her age."

"What other kids!? Stoick, you know that the only child close to her age is Gustav, and the lad barely turned nine."

Gobber stared at him in frustration. They both knew that he was right, but Stoick was too stubborn to admit it. This was Snowstorm's only chance at dragon training. If they waited until she was of age

she'll have to face all those dragons on her own. If they waited 'til the other children wore of age: then she'll have to face the humiliation of being the oldest recruit in all of Berk history. Putting her with the older recruit was their only good option on securing both her safety and reputation with the village, as bad as it was right now.

Stoick shook his head refusing to admit defeat. "They'll get themselves killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage."

"You don't know that," said Gobber, getting annoyed with his friend's denial.

"Yes, I do actually. If not that then Snowstorm will probably try to kill one of the other recruits for teasing Hiccup."

"I'll keep her in check along with the teasing."

"Listen, you know what they are like," groaned Stoick in frustration getting up to pace about the room.

"Ever since he could crawl, Hiccup's, always been different. He doesn't listen. He has the attention span of a sparrow. I try to take him fishing and he goes hunting for for _trolls_!"

"Hey, trolls exist. They steal your sock," interrupted Gobber. "But only the left ones, what's with that?"

"And Snowstorm, gods Snowstorm, that girl practically worships her brother," continued Stoick throwing his frustrations out into the open. "Hiccup can no wrong in her eyes. Ever since Val well ever since then Snowstorm developed that stubborn belief that whatever I say (or any other Viking for that matter) is wrong, and that Hiccup is always right. She always questions my authority whenever I tell her to do something, as if she doesn't trust my judgement."

Gobber said nothing at that. He had an inkling as to why Snow had grown so cold and distant towards her father, but he never shared it with anyone. He honestly didn't think it would change anything if he did, the damage was done.

"When I was a boy,"

"Oh, here we go."

"My father told me to bang my head against a rock, I thought it was crazy but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?"

"You got a headache," deadpanned Gobber.

"It split in two, it taught me what a Viking could do," answered Stoick his voice briefly lased with pride. "Since I was a boy I knew what I was, what I had to become. Hiccup is not that boy, and neither is Snowstorm."

"Look, Stoick, I know that you worry about their safety," said Gobber willing his friend to listen. "But the truth of the matter is you can't stop them, you can only prepare them. You won't always be there to protect them. They are going to get out there again. They're

probably out there now."

'_I should have brought us a snack'_ I thought watching Hiccup scribble over his journal in frustration. We had been looking all over Raven's Point for the last three hours and Hiccup was starting to get a little discouraged.

"The Gods hate me, Snow," he grumbled tucking the journal into his vest. "Some people lose their knives or their mugs, no, I manage to lose an entire dragon."

"You didn't lose it, you just haven't found it yet," I said trying to cheer him up. It didn't help, he just kept on stomping onward slapping a branch out of his way. It proceeded to swing back and smack him right on the head.

"Ow," he winced clutching his forehead.

"Are you ok? Did you get cut?" I asked pealing his head hand away trying to get a better look. It was just a little scratch, not that deep, there was very little blood. '_Good, the last thing Hiccup needs another scar to remind him of his failures.'

"I'm fine, Snow, don'tâ€!" he trailed off looking up at the tree beside us.

"Don't, what?" I asked following his line of sight. "Woah."

The tree was practically split in half right down the middle. Following after it was a large path-like crater leading deeper into the forest. Some had had a crash landing here, and whatever it was it was big. Bingo.

"Told you we would find it," I cheered jumping into the crater. It was a lot deeper than it looked, the Night Fury must have landed really hard. 'Poor thing.'

Reaching the end of the path, Hiccup gasped quickly pulling us down for cover. There, laying a good twenty feet away from us, was the Night Fury.

Clumsily taking out his dagger Hiccup slowly made his towards the fallen dragon with me following close behind. If this were any other dragon I would have rolled my eyes but this was a Night Fury, the most allusive and deadly dragon of all time, it never hurt to be too careful.

"I did it," breathed Hiccup out once we were standing in front of it. I nodded, slowly kneeling down beside the creature's head to get a better look. It wasn't pitch black like I thought it would be, it was black but it had a blue tint to it. It also had spotted markings all along its side like a fish. It's face wasn't like any of the other dragons I've seen, it was a bit flatter and wider. It was odd, it was exotic, and it was beautiful.

"This fixes everything," said Hiccup fully processing the situation. I smiled in agreement, things were finally looking up. Feeling brave

I placed my hand lightly on the dragon's head. It was like nothing I had ever felt before. It's scales were so smooth and warm. Wait, _warm?_

"I have brought down this mighty beast," continued Hiccup striking a heroic pose on top of the Night Fury. Said dragon groaned nudging Hiccup off him. With an undignified yelp I fell backwards, scooting on my butt as fast I could from the dragon._ 'Odin's beard, it's still alive!'_

Breathing deeply Hiccup advanced towards the dragon once more. I looked at the dragon's face again, his eyes were open. It's eyes, like its body, was so much different than all the other dragons. They weren't yellow like a reptile's, no, this dragon's eyes were the loveliest shade of green I had ever seen. They were eyes filled with anger and hatred, and they were currently staring right at us.

"I'm going to kill you, dragon," said Hiccup breaking me out of my trance. "I'm-I'm going to cut out your heart and-and take it to my father."

I gasped in horror at what my brother had just said, that wasn't him, that wasn't my Hiccup. I shifted my gaze towards the dragon, its eyes now filled with fear and dread, it had understood what my brother intended to do. And there was nothing it could do to stop it, it was down and bound, it was helpless.

"I'm a Viking. I'm a Viking!" Said Hiccup before lifting his dagger to make the fatal plunge.

"Hic-," I covered my mouth with both hand to keep myself from crying out. This is his was his chance, this will fix everything, this was his only chance.

_ 'But this was wrong, its murder.'_

Hiccup paused giving the Night Fury one last one last look. The dragon let out a low moan before dropping its head back down, resigning to its fate. I don't know why but just then I felt my heart a little. Hiccup let out a frustrated noise before raising his arms once more, only this time he placed his hands on his head in a defeated manner, slowly dropping them to his sides.

"Thank you," I breathed out to whatever god was listening, getting up to be at my brother's side.

"I did this," whispered Hiccup looking ashamed.

I said nothing to him, there were no words of comfort that I could give him. This wasn't like those other times were he had good intentions at heart but failed and ended up making the situation worse. No, what my brother had nearly done was wrong and he had to come to terms with it on his own. There was no other way about it, that's was the only way you could grow.

Instead I focused my attention back on the dragon, who was still waiting for that final sting of death. I don't know why but I began to gently stroke like how one would comfort an injured animal.

"I'm sorry about this," I whispered voicing my own shame. After all I

did nothing to try to stop this. "I really am sorry."

Beside me I heard a hurried sawing noise. Looking over I saw Hiccup cutting the ropes that kept the Night Fury down. I smiled down at him, _ that's_ my brother, before turning my attention back to the dragon.

"But don't worry we'll fi-," I was cut off by a blur of black.

Next thing I knew I was pinned against a rock alongside my brother by a large Night Fury claw. I desperately tried to push it off me but it wouldn't budge, instead it was pressed down harder. I gasped feeling my air supply cut down. Looking up I saw the Night Fury glaring down at us, his eyes filled with even more rage than before.

It growled down at us, its lips pulling back showing off it's really pointy, really sharp looking teeth.

_ 'Dear Odin, please let it be quick.' _

It then let out the loudest rage filled roar I have ever heard right in our faces. With that it turned and flew off, continuing to roar in anger as it went.

Panting heavily I started to stand up using the boulder to keep me steady. Gods, I felt woozy. Taking a wobbly step forward I grabbed Hiccup's vest in an effort to stay up right. He wrapped his arm around my shoulder in turn. We took a few unsteady steps only to have Hiccup faint right then and there pulling me down with him.

"Damn it, Hiccup," I groaned, tears pouring out my eyes. I don't why I was crying, maybe it was out of frustration, or shock, or anger, or even out of relief. All I know was that I couldn't stop once I started.

"Why do I always have to be the strong one?" I whimpered, shifting so that Hiccup's head was cradled in my lap. _'At least we were still alive, though.' _

* * *

><p>There you have it folks, you have no idea how much trouble it was to write this scene. It fits so perfectly when it's just Hiccup that it felt odd writing it with another. To be honest I personally feel that this chapter is rather weak compared to the previous one, but that's just me. Feel free to review if you please, remember honesty is the best policy, I'm a big girl I can handle criticism. Well until next time folks.
**

**Quick question, What color are Stoick's eyes? I can never tell.
**

4. That was Hicca and Snow

**Hey guys, remember when I told you that I wanted to add in snippets of how I imagined life was before Hiccup began to be ostracized. Well here it is, I hope you like it. FYI Hiccup is six and Snow is about three in this chapter. I would like to apologize beforehand for any spelling and/or grammar errors, please have mercy on

me.**

Disclaimer: I own nothing. I only own Snow, who is a very nice consolation price.

*****Sexy Line
Break*****

Time was all matter of perspective. To some it passed at a snail's pace, the days dragging by one after the other. To others it passed at lightning speed, the days going by in the blink of an eye. To Stoick time seemed to pass in a sadistically cruel combination of both.

It seemed like it was just yesterday to him when a three year old Hiccup would take his six month old all around the village on his little wagon. Now it was almost the same concept, a six year old Hiccup taking a three year old Snow where ever he went. Only this time instead of taking leisurely strolls around Berk they were of slaying imaginary dragons in the woods and causing havoc with the other kids.

Everyday those two seemed to find new way to cause trouble and drive him insane. It got to the point to where it was rare to a week without Snow's tell-tale screams ringing through the village signaling another one of Hiccup's schemes gone wrong.

Stoick shivered at the memory of their latest adventure, he still didn't know what they were trying to do in the first place. All he knew is that they had managed to bury nearly a third of Mildew's cabbage field in fertilizer and dye Fungus blue. Honestly, if he weren't chief he would have found the situation hilarious. But he was, and it was his duty to keep his village safe from harm even if that included his own children.

It wasn't easy disciplining his own children, with their big apologetic eyes and sweet pleading faces, especially when they begged him not to punish the other. It was at times like these he wished that Val would be back from her questing so that he wouldn't have to be the bad guy for once. Well, it was one of the reasons he wished she were back.

"Good fishing today, Mulch?" Asked Stoick looking down at the smaller man from his spot on the docks.

"Aye, we did, Stoick, nearly tipped the boat over," answered Mulch pointing his hook of a hand to the large pile of fish behind him.

"That's good, make sure to get them to the storage; we're due for another raid."

Sure that the task would be taken cared of Stoick headed back to the village, stopping only to cast one last longing look at the open sea.

Things had been fairly peaceful during the course of the week. Hiccup and Snow had been well-behaved, the teenagers were making great progress in dragon training, food stock was up, and best of all they hadn't had a single raid during the past few days. Stoick knew that

sooner or later the other shoe was bound to drop and that it was his job to be prepared for it. But in the meantime he might as well enjoy it while he could.

Smiling softly to himself he made his way to the forge, hoping that Gobber was done with the weapon requests he had made earlier that week. Something told him that the next raid would be a big one.

"Hello there, Stoick," called Gobber briefly looking up from the sword he was finishing up. "Good day around the village?"

"A very good day, indeed, Gobber, would be even better if those weapons were finished."

"Almost there, I'll probably be done by sundown, thanks to my two lovely assistants here." He answered gesturing towards the floor with his remaining hand.

How he hadn't noticed them was a mystery. Sitting there on the floor beside Gobber, sharpening a short sword with small hand sized wet stones, were Hiccup and Snow. Stoick was torn between feeling proud of his children for helping their honorary uncle, angry at said uncle for letting his children handle such dangerous weapons, or parental panic at the sight of little Snow's face so close to the sharp edge of the sword.

He chose parental panic. With one swift motion he snatched the weapon from their grasp causing them to look up at him in shock.

"Daddy!" they exclaimed in unison once they recognized who had startled them. Wasting no time Snow was on her feet, arms raised in a silent demand for him to carry her.

"Look, Daddy, we were helping Uncle Gobber," said Hiccup showing him the wet stone in his hand.

"Me too, me too," Stated Snow proudly, waving her own wet in front of his face. "I help with Hicca."

"That's very good, you two did a wonderful job," Praised Stoick, not wanting to let his discomfort show. "Hiccup, it's almost noon, why don't you and your sister go to the Great Hall and get yourselves a snack?"

Needing no other form of persuasion both children nodded, wide grins spreading across their faces. Setting Snow down Stoick watched in amusement as Hiccup quickly grabbed his sister's hand before practically sprinting out the door.

"Seduced by a snack, let me tell you, Stoick, kids these days, no work ethic at all," Said Gobber, shaking his head sadly before turning back to his work.

"Gobber," said Stoick, his voice tense and serious drawing his friend's attention. "Why were my children sharpening your weapons?"

"Technically, Stoick, that sword belongs to Madame Igberman."

"You know what I mean," snapped Stoick, letting his anger show. "Why were they sharpening weapons?"

"Just, teaching them a life lesson, that's all." Shrugged Gobber, "Never hurts for them to learn early that weapons don't come easy."

"What did they do now?" Sighed Stoick his demeanor changing drastically at those words. His kids must have done something really foolish for Gobber to have decided to educate them.

"Well, according to Hiccup's logic when hunting for troll wooden swords are a poor choice of defense. So while trying to borrow a short sword Snow managed to knock the whole rack over on to the fire. Funny, the things that happen when you go on a bathroom break."

Stoick sighed once more knowing full well that Gobber would have been done by now had his kids not messed things up. Honestly, there were times when he didn't know what to do with them. He hated to admit it but sometimes he wished they weren't so different, especially Hiccup.

It wasn't that he didn't look like the other Viking kids, it was the fact that he didn't think like them. That wasn't a bad thing per say, the boy was brilliant, it just that the boy had too curious for his own good. Always questioning why the world was the way it was and why they did thing the way they did. Nothing could make a grown man more uncomfortable than when his own questions his own methods, then absentmindedly suggests better ones.

And then there was Snow, that girl had the makings of a great warrior, like the Hofferson girl, but seemed like she'd rather be more like Hiccup than like a Viking. If she had to choose between playing dragons with Hiccup or playing raiders with Snotlout, she'd choose Hiccup. Even if Hiccup himself wasn't an option she'd still choose the Hiccup-y way, because to her that was the nice way.

It seemed like such a waste to him that such a strong and promising child would rather talk things out and make deals than to do things the Vikings way. He wouldn't have minded it really, that his daughter was so kind-hearted, she would make a great healer in the future, if all that compassion was focused solely on her kind. He couldn't fathom how she saw the raiding of a foreign and distant village as mean.

It was almost as if the older his children got the less he could understand them. He feared the day that they would practically become strangers to him. '_Oh, dear Odin, please don't let that happen._'

"They sure did a fine job with that sword, didn't they," mused Gobber bringing him back to reality.

Looking down at the sword Stoick saw that they had done a good job sharpening it, not one side sharper than the other, and even throughout the whole blade.

"That boy of yours might not be strong, but he sure is good with his hands."

Stoick looked up at his friend, eyeing his expression carefully trying to see if Gobber was joking or not. He was rewarded with a serious expression, one rarely seen on his good humored friend.

"He has the promise of a blacksmith."

"He's too young for that," said Stoick looking around the forge with a parental eye. Large hammers, molten steel, and an abundance of both dull and deadly sharp weapons littered the room. It was like a Hiccup centered disaster was just waiting to happen.

"Aye, he's too young now, give him a year or two then he'll be ready."

"Snow will want to tag along, leaving you with two kids to keep an eye on instead of one."

"There is a room in the back where she can stay. I'll give her some paper and charcoal and she'll be fine," countered Gobber, knowing full well why Stoick was so hesitant. "Besides, this will teach them how to cope with being separate from one another. Weren't you complaining on how they need to become their own persons."

Stoick was at loss of words, he knew that his friend was right and that no argument he could make would be justified. Hiccup would make a great blacksmith, his creative ideas and knack for building things make him the perfect candidate. But like any parent he worried about his son.

"He'll get hurt," he murmured looking down at the sword at hand.

"Aye, he will," agreed Gobber, his tone reassuring. "But that's just part of being a Viking, Stoick, you can't protect him forever, you can only prepare him."

"I'll think about it," said Stoick, setting the sword down on the table before heading out the door.

*****Sexy Scene
Change*****

Stoick was right about the upcoming raid, not even three days after his talk with Gobber he was awoken in the middle of the night by sound of their alarms. After reminding his children to stay inside he rushed outside to help his village. Shouting orders to nearby villagers, and subduing dragons as he went, Stoick ran through the village determination burning in his veins.

As their father raced on leading the defense of their village, two little children huddled together in the safety of their room. The only hint of the ferocity raging outside were the enraged and bloodthirsty roars of dragons and Vikings alike, not truly knowing the extent of the carnage outside.

"Hicca, is Daddy ok?" Whispered Snow, shivering at the sound of a dragon's roar nearby. "He not get huwt, wight?"

"Don't worry, Snow. Daddy is the greatest Viking in all of Berk. It takes a lot for him to get hurt," reassured Hiccup, wrapping an arm around her sister to comfort her.

THUMP

Breaking out of their embrace the children cautiously crept to their window, curious to what had landed outside. They were greeted by the sight of a downed Monstrous Nightmare, struggling against the metal chains around it. Both children winced as the dragon flayed about, roaring in pain as the chains were tightened, crushing the fragile bones of its wings in the process.

The Nightmare continued to struggle, whipping its head and tail around frantically, knocking men aside. One man, their uncle Spitelout, from the shape of his helmet horns, managed to land a blow to the beast's head with his hammer, stunning it. Hiccup quickly pulled his sister away from the window, as if sensing the bloodlust pumping through the men's veins.

"Hicca? Why do dwagons take ouw food?" Asked Snow once they were in the safety of their bed once more.

"Because they're hungry, I guess." He shrugged, not really knowing what to say. Why did the dragons take their food?

"Oh. Why don't we give food? Then no mowe figths." Replied his sister, tilting her head to the side in thought.

"I don't know. Vikings don't like to share that much, especially food."

Snowstorm huffed in annoyance. "You a Viking and you shawe."

"What I mean is that Vikings don't like to share with dragons," explained Hiccup. It wasn't a bad idea, giving the dragons some food so they would stop attacking them, but that went against the Viking code, whatever that was.

"So we have to fight?" Asked Snow, disappointment in her face. Hiccup nodded, wrapping his arms around his little sister not liking the sadness in her voice.

"I don't wanna fight dwagons," she declared, puffing her cheeks in defiance.

"You don't?"

"No! They pwetty!"

"And cool," added Hiccup agreeing with his sister. Dragons were such amazing creatures it was a shame they had to kill them. Snow sighed, saddened at the thought of having to hurt those magical beasts.

"Come on, Snow, lets sleep," whispered Hiccup, pulling the covers over the both of them.

"Hey, Hicca," she whispered, snuggling against him.

"What?"

"One day, I'll have my own dwagon," she said, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And we'll be the bestest of fwiends."

"Really?" giggled Hiccup.

"Yup, and we'll go flying evewy day, too!"

"That sounds amazing, will you take me with you?"

"No."

"Why not?" He asked his voice rising with surprise. Why wouldn't she take him flying with her? They did everything together.

"'Cause you'll have yow own dwagon fwiend."

"Oh. What dragon you think will be my friend."

"The bwavest, smawtest, and most specialest dwagon in Bewk, like you." She answered matter-of-factly. Hiccup couldn't help but feel joy rise up in his chest at his sister's words.

"And you," he whispered, gently kissing her cheek goodnight. Slowly both children let sleep take over them, images of kind and friendly dragons filling their dreams.

*****Sexy Scene
Change*****

Morning light couldn't have come any sooner to the Isle of Berk. Though his men had fought bravely and they had been better prepared, they had still lost a large amount of livestock. The only consolation was there were no casualties and their food stores had been, thankfully, untouched.

After making sure that the injured were getting treated and that the repairs were in session, Stoick made his way back home, anxious to get to his children. There was a rumor going around that a Monstrous Nightmare had tried to attack his home. Even though his brother had assured him that it had been taken cared of Stoick couldn't push back the feeling of dread rising in his chest.

He was halfway up the hill when he saw it. Laying permanently still, only a good ten feet from his children's window, was the large Nightmare. Picking up his speed, Stoick raced towards his home only slowing down to give the beast one last look.

His men had done a great job subduing it. Several bones of its wings seemed to be broken, and its skull was caved in slightly, a wound only obtained from a large amount of blows from a hammer. Satisfied that his children had been well protected Stoick make his way through his house, climbing as quietly as he could to his kids' bedroom.

Peering into the room he quickly spotted them snuggled contently under the covers. Snow had wrapped her arm around her brother's waist, holding him like a teddy bear. Hiccup, on the other hand, was curled protectively around her, as if trying to shield his sister

from danger even in his sleep.

Gently pulling the covers closer to them Stoick let out a sigh of relief. His children were safe, the village was still intact, and they still had enough time 'til winter to stock up. As cruel and unpredictable life could be, right now it seemed to be shining with hope.

* * *

><p>That's all people, I hope that you liked my little flashback. I just want you to know that I'm sorry I took so long, my laptop had decided to be difficult last week. So anyways, please tell me how you felt about this chapter, and if you have any suggestions, questions, or requests feel free to let me know. 'Til next time folks.

5. Torture Starts in the Morning

**Hello, did you like my little flashback? Sorry, if any of you got disappointed, but I did warn you guys that I was planning on doing something like that. Enough about that, this chapter continues on with the movie. I deeply hope you will be pleased. **

**Side note: I want to warn you guys that again this chapter seems a bit weak to me. The reason is that the 'talk' that Stoick had with Hiccup worked so well when it was just the two of them that I was a bit at loss of how to add Snow to the mix. So if you feel that there is anything that I left out or that I should add, please let me know. I will try to fix it.

>

Disclaimer: You all know the drill, but to save myself the lawsuit I will continue as always. I own nothing, I never have, and never will. There, it's done, let's move on shall we?

***** Sexy Page
Break*****

By the time I had stopped crying, cleaned up my face, brought Hiccup back to the land of the living, and managed to convince him that he wasn't a useless, horrible older brother for nearly getting us killed and then fainting afterward, it was nearly noon.

The walk back home was silent, both of us lost in our own thoughts. Hiccup was probably still thinking about the Night Fury, and would still be doing so for the next few weeks. That dragon had piqued his curiosity, and knowing my brother as well as I did, he will not stop obsessing over it until said curiosity was quenched.

I, on the other hand, was wondering what I was going to tell Stoick once he saw me. I don't cry that often, the last time being when Dagur thought I would look great with a shaved head. I had absolutely no intention of going through that same awkward silence like we did back then. The man was a great warrior but his bedside manners were lacking.

Sneaking as quietly as we could back to our room I was thankful that

Stoick was too busy packing a bag to notice us coming in. Funny, I don't remember him planning a trip recently. I thought that he had already finished all his treaty renewals. The only reason he would be packing would be if he wereâ€œ| noâ€œ| I thought he gave up on that.

"You're going to look for the nest!" I blurted out giving us away. In front of me Hiccup winced, we were only a few steps away from freedom.

"There you are, I need to talk to you two." Stoick paused when he saw my face. "Have you been crying? What happened?"

I shook my head, jumping off the stairs to stand in front of him. "You're going to look for the nest, why? You said you were done with that."

"Are you injured?" He asked lifting up my chin to get a better look. "Did someone try to hurt you?"

"You said you were done looking for the nest." I said pushing his hand away. "Why are you leaving again? Is it because of last night?"

"Where was Hiccup?" He demanded looking around the room, quickly spotting him a top of the stairs. "Where were you? Why was your sister crying?"

"You said you were **done**!" I repeated, tugging at his tunic roughly. "Why are you **leaving**!?"

"Why were you crying!?" He snapped.

"We found the Night Fury!" I snapped, letting my emotions take hold. Behind us Hiccup made a choking sound. "It pinned us down but it chose to let us go, I was shocked so I cried."

Stoick's face turned red, I think I saw a vein start to throb.

"I'm serious, Snowstorm, I want you to be honest with me." He said in a false calm. "Why were you crying?"

'_I _was_ honest, you just never_ listen_.' _I sighed in defeat, 'Fine!_ He wants a reason; I'll give him a reason._'

"I'm on my monthly flow," I answered, making sure to make eye contact. "And I'm getting cramps straight from Hel herself."

Stoick instantly paled awkwardly breaking eye contact, trying to look at anything but me. He had that same look on his face like the one back when he was trying to explain the facts of life to me when I was ten. (I had already known, Aunt Gunndis had beaten him to the punch.) Extremely embarrassed and a little disturbed, **good!**

"Thank you, Snow," murmured Hiccup looking a bit grossed out. "I could have gone my whole life without needing to know that."

Oops. I forgot that Hiccup was in the room too. I smiled sheepishly up at him, hoping he wasn't scarred for life.

"Um, there's, um, there's some ginger tea in the, uh, the kitchen. You should, um, you should make some, yeah," said Stoick still avoiding eye contact.

I nodded moving towards the kitchen. After everything that has happened today a soothing cup of tea sounded lovely. Behind me I heard Hiccup murmur to Stoick, "Why would she even tell us something like that?"

I rolled my eyes, Stoick and Hiccup might be as different as night and day but the one thing that they had in common was that they were both really squeamish when discussing the birds and the bees. I don't know why they got so embarrassed, Stoick went through puberty, Hiccup is going through it, and one day (in the long and distant future) I will go through it as well. I mean day I am going to have to get married (as a tribe alliance most likely) and be expected to birth children. So therefore, one day I am expected to have sex. It was normal, so why did they have to act like a pair of maiden old croons?

Still having them be so squeamish did have its advantages. If I ever wanted to get out of doing chores I could just give Stoick that 'time of the month' excuse, even though I've never actually been on it. And if I ever wanted to get back at them all I had to do was ask them what some crude innuendo meant. (Thank you, Tuffnut, for the constant flow of material.) They never answered my questions, and frankly I never wanted them to, but revenge was so sweet.

* * *

><p>Pouring the steaming tea onto a clean cup I noticed that Stoick and Hiccup were nowhere in sight. They probably went somewhere to erase the memory of what I just said. Hiccup would most likely be in his room, and Stoick would be at the docks making sure that the ships would be ready for when they sail. The thought alone left a bitter taste in my mouth causing my throat to clench.<p>

Not wanting to think about that anymore I took a big gulp out of my tea, burning my tongue in the process. I grimaced, 'that was **not soothing!'

Stomp, Stomp, Stomp***

Looking up I saw Stoick coming down the stairs being followed by a very glum looking Hiccup clutching a training axe. Uh-ho, they had another 'talk.'

"Ah, Snowstorm, you're still here," said Stoick once he saw me. "There is something important that I have to tell you."

'You've changed your mind and decided to give up on that stupid quest of looking for the dragon's nest?' I thought, taking a small sip from my tea, nodding for him to continue.

"I've signed you and Hiccup up for dragon training. You start in the morning."

I froze, staring up at him in shock. He did not just say what I thought he said. 'Good Thor, please tell me I heard him wrong.'

"You'll need this," he continued, placing a training axe similar to Hiccup's down on the table in front of me.

I looked down at it with distaste; I hated axes, hammers, clubs, and maces. They were too bulky, hard to carry around, and way too Viking-ly. I preferred swords, bows, spears, and daggers. Those weapons were swift, precise, and elegant. Plus, they were the few weapons that I could use alongside Hiccup. He might not look it, but he was pretty decent with a sword.

"I've already explained this to Hiccup." Said Stoick, ending my glaring match with the crude weapon. "When you carry this axe, you carry all of us."

'_That's a pretty heavy load.'_

"Do you understand? It's time for the two of you to stop all, _this_."

I really did not like the way he looked at Hiccup when he said that.

"Do we have a deal?" He pressed, sounding like he was giving a thinly veiled order rather than asking a question.

I looked over at Hiccup, his shoulders were slumped and he was hanging his head. It was obvious that he had 'agreed' with Stoick. Rage boiled inside me, I **hated** it when Stoick offered us 'deals'. The big brute never listen, hardly let us say what **we** wanted, and always forced us to agree. Well, no more!

"No." I said, pushing the axe away from me.

Stoick looked at me in surprise, he obviously wasn't expecting this. "What did you say?"

"I said 'no'!" I repeated, crossing my arms to show that I was serious. "I don't want to kill dragons, so no deal."

He shook his head, whether in amusement or frustration I don't know, but I could tell that he wasn't going to give up.

"Of course, you do. You've always wanted to kill dragons," he argued.

"No, I haven't_. Astrid_ always wanted to kill dragons; _I _want to be a sailor."

"What do you haven't!? Why else would you volunteer to help Gobber at the arena?"

'_To try and make those dragon's lives less miserable than they already are.'_

I shook my head, "That's not the point, Father; I don't want to join dragon training."

Stoick sighed, massaging his temples in an attempt to not lose his patience.

"Look, Snowstorm, I know you're scared since you're only twelve but -"

"I'm not scared; I just don't want to fight dragons!"

Stoick sighed once more, slowly bending down so that we would be face to face.

"Look, Snowstorm, I know that this is a lot to process but I need you to listen to me, please."

'_Aww, man, he said please._ I slowly nodded.

"I understand that you are young and might feel intimidated by all this." He said his tone surprisingly soft. "But I need you to understand that I wouldn't have done this if it wasn't for your own good."

I honestly doubted that but said nothing.

"This is a rite of passage that every child must go through, even Hiccup; you're just going through it a bit sooner than most." Stoick gently cupped my with his large hand, catching me by surprise. It had been a long time since he had made any sort of affectionate gesture towards Hiccup and me, heck; I can't even remember the last time he gave us a hug. "But you need to understand that you will have to go through it eventually if you don't do so right now."

I glanced up at Hiccup, he looked just as surprised as I was and maybe a bit jealous too. I quickly looked away feeling guilty. It was obvious that Stoick treated us differently; I don't think that he would have ever taken the gentle approach with Hiccup.

"Now, Snowstorm, do we have a deal?" Asked Stoick, drawing my attention back towards him. His eyes were firm, letting me know that this was my last chance to 'agree.'

I looked up at Hiccup again. He was staring intently at his axe as if visualizing the torture he was going to have to go through the next few weeks. I took a deep breath, having made up my mind.

"I will join dragon training." I said scowling up at Stoick as he straightened up with a grin.

"That's great," he said handing me the axe again. "Train hard, make me proud."

I nodded trying not to grimace at the weapon at hand. "I'm going to my room," I said not bothering to look at either men as I raced up the stairs.

* * *

><p>Once I was upstairs I tossed the axe to the side before flopping down on my bed face first on my pillow. I don't know how long I stayed like that, not bothering to lift my head up 'til I heard someone clear their throat beside me. Looking up I saw Hiccup giving me a tired smile.<p>

I smiled back, rolling over to give him room to lie down if he wanted to. Taking my invitation Hiccup set himself down beside me, sighing contently when his head hit the pillow. We lied there in silence for a while, looking fondly at the drawings I had managed to pin up on the ceiling, which he had given me.

"You could have said no, and he wouldn't have pushed you anymore, you know that?" Murmured Hiccup, breaking the silence. "Hel, you could've thrown a tantrum and you probably could've gone your whole life without having to go through dragon training."

"Hmm, yeah, I could have," I hummed, smiling up at the picture of Hiccup holding Fiddlesticks, our old tabby.

"So why didn't you? Why did you agree to his deal?"

I turned to look at him, smiling, for someone so smart, Hiccup, could be so unobservant sometimes.

"Who ever said I agreed?" I giggled at his confused expression.

"You did," he protested. "You said you would join dragon training."

"Yes, I did, but I never said that I agreed to his deal. That ought to teach him to listen more."

"Oh. You know you're still going to have to fight dragons."

"Meh," I answered, waving a hand dismissively, turning back to look at the ceiling. "You let me worry about that, as long as you come out relatively unscathed and with all limbs attached, I'll be happy."

"Still if you wanted to you could be one of the top graduates this year."

I sat upright sending him an 'are you crazy?' look, he just shrugged.

"I mean, honestly, you have the advantage, you've been working in-"

"I volunteered." I really didn't like the way this conversation was going.

"You've been volunteering at the arena for nearly four years. You know Gobber's lesson plans, the dragon's weak spots, and the arena lay out better than anyone."

"Ok, just because I have more knowledge than the rest does not-"

"And you're a strong, and capable fighter, Snow. Don't deny it I've seen you fight, you can take on the twins, the _twins_. Just imagine how well youâ€!"

I shook my head, Hiccup was rambling now. I needed to nip this in the bud before it got out of hand.

"â€|and you're small and quick on your feet , making you an even harder target. Especially with the Deadly Nadder, you'll be able to dodge those spines faster than-"

"Hiccup!" I interrupted loudly startling him. " I don't care about that."

He sighed, getting up so that he was sitting at the edge of the bed, facing away from me.

"You don't get it Snow. This is your one chance to change the way the village sees you."

"I could care less about how those big oafs see me." I replied hotly, Hiccup just shook his head.

"Look, I've already missed my chance I'm not about to let you miss yours. Do you even know what they call you?"

I shrugged, "No, not really."

"Stoick's second Hiccup." I shrugged, it wasn't that bad. Hiccup made an exasperated noise.

"Don't you get it?! His second Hiccup, his second me. Do you know what I am? I'm the disappointment, the weakling, the useless heir!"

"Stop it! Stop saying that!" I covered my ears, I hated those titles.

Hiccup was up now, pacing about the room frantically.

"You don't get it, Snow, you just don't get it. I had my chance to change my fate, and I **blew it!** I'm done, finished, there is no more hope for me, but there is still hope for you."

"What do you mean there's still hope?"

"The village still loves you, Snow."

"No they don't, they hate me."

"Yes, they do. They still love you, Dad still loves you, if you take this chance you can spare yourself from being truly hated like I am."

"That's enough!" I snapped, quickly standing up so I was face to face with him. It was more like face to chest but I was too wound up to care.

"It's **you**, who doesn't get it, Hiccup. I don't care about that. I don't care about dragon training, or what they call me, and I especially don't care whether they love me or not!"

"Then what do you care about?!"

"You!" I shouted giving him a push in frustration. "All I care about is you! About you getting through training alive, about you getting respected in this stupid village, about you finally being **happy**!"

That's all I care about!"

No one spoke after that. We just stood there, trying to process what the other had said, and trying to calm ourselves down, not wanting to accidentally say something we might regret. Hiccup made the first move. Slowly he put his arms around my shoulder pulling me into a tight hug.

"That's all I want for you, too," he whispered.

I felt tears rise up in my eyes. I quickly blinked them away, hugging him back tighter. The village could rot for all I care, as long as I had Hiccup I **was** happy.

* * *

><p>I don't consider myself an envious person but seeing all the heart-warming farewell around me, I couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. I looked down at our reflections in the water below, noting how awkward our 'family' looked together.</p>

"I'll be back, probably," said Stoick.

"And we'll be here, maybe," answered Hiccup.

Gobber walked up to us, sighing when he felt the tension between us. Staring intently at our reflections I saw that Gobber had filled in the gap between Stoick and Hiccup.

"Hiccup and Snow want you to know that they'll miss you and that they pray you'll find that Thor forsaken island. So you'll stop taking your frustrations out on everyone, namely poor Gobber." '_And Hiccup._'

Gobber paused to check if he had said everything, we nodded.

"Stoick wants you to know that he'll be thinking of you two the whole time," continued Gobber, placing a beefy hand on our shoulder. "So train hard, don't throw a house party,"

'_Who would even come?' _

"And he'll try not to get eaten by a sea serpent or a dragon but if he does, well, that's that."

The eyes of my reflection widened dramatically at those words.

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard," said Stoick.

"We're Vikings," repeated Gobber. "It's an-"

"I said that!" snapped Stoick, pushing Gobber out of the way to head towards the boat.

"Aww, sorry for helping," drawled Gobber.

I don't know what possessed me to do it, maybe it was because of all the sweet good-byes around us, or maybe it was something else. But next thing I knew I was holding onto Stoick hand for dear

life.

"Wait, Father," I started, not really knowing what to say. What could I say? He would still leave. "Please," '_Stay.' '_Please," '_Don't leave again.' _

"Don't die." Stoick nodded, giving me a light pat on the head when I let go of his hand.

"I want them back," He said once he was on the boat. "With **all** limbs attached."

Slowly the ships began to sail off, drifting towards the direction of Helheim's gate. Hiccup and I stayed at the docks for a long time. Watching the ships gradually turn to specks in the horizon.

"I hate him," I whispered bitterly once the ships were completely out of sight.

Hiccup sighed, pulling me into a sideways hug. "No you don't, Snow, no you don't."

"Yes, I do," I said, leaning my head against his chest. "If that big oaf dies out there I'll never forgive him."

"Don't worry, he's too stubborn for that. He'll probably swim back to Berk, just to make sure we haven't burnt it to the ground."

"Yeah, that does sound like him. Let's go home, Hiccup."

"Let's."

And with that we headed home, away from the docks, away from the sea that now held the man we called 'Father' in its grasp.

That's it people. I didn't think it would be so long, but when I checked the word count it read over 3,000 words, can you believe it? Now on to business, as you can see I tried to show that Hiccup and Snow have a rather normal sibling relationship. As in, they will fight, they will get angry at the other, and they will at times hurt the others feelings without really meaning to, that sort of relationship. However, I will like to point out that unlike most siblings this doesn't occur as often and when it does they tend to forgive the other quicker than the average child would. They are a bit codependent on the other and thus they have each other's back, giving them a much stronger bond than average children.

**Also, did you catch on to my hints as to why Snow is so cold towards Stoick? It's not really his fault, he just had a moment of weakness and accidentally put his grief before his children. Sadly, like most parents that mistake continues to haunt him, even if he doesn't know what **

**Before I forget, so sorry for the sudden scene change, I had a scene planned out that would sort of link the whole thing together, but once I started typing it down I realized that it really cut down the mood I was trying to make. So forgive me if you got confused for a second, but I had to make a difficult decision and do not regret it one bit. **

**So, review if you please. Tell me what you hated, what you liked, what you thought I could improve, all you need to do is tell me. Until next time, be safe and be healthy. **

6. Welcome to Hel, I mean Dragon Training

Hello, I'm back~~ Thank you for those wonderful reviews, I'm really happy that you guys enjoy my story. And for that I have a surprise for you guys, this chapter will not be written in Snow's point of view. It will be done in someone else's, can you guess who?

**I apologize for any grammar and/or spelling errors.

**

Disclaimer: Everything belongs to DreamWorks and Cressida Cowell. The only thing that I own is Snowstorm. Not too bad if I do say so myself?

* * *

><p>'I don't want to get up. I don't want to go to dragon training. I don't want to fight dragons. I don't want to spend the morning with Snotlout and the twins.'

This was the mantra going through my head as I got ready for the day. I sighed, it would be a miracle if I made it through the course alive, or at least with all my limbs attached.

"Do we really have to go?" Whined, sorry I mean complained, a soft voice behind me.

"Yes, we d-" the words died in my throat when I saw what Snow was wearing.

Instead of her normal light colored dresses, the ones with the too long sleeves and flowing skirts, that made her look like a sweet little shepherd girl especially when she would wear crown braids, Snow looked like she was off to battle.

She had a light brown leather vest that reached her hip, over a short-sleeved olive green tunic. On both arms, from wrist to elbow, she wore simple dark brown leather gauntlets. She wore a dark green knee-length skirt with scale chain-mail on both hips and dark gray leggings. The only things that she kept the same were her fur boots and her black cap.

"Not a word," she muttered darkly, obviously uncomfortable with how much she looked like a Viking.

"Wasn't going to," I said, raising my hands up in surrender. "Are you ready?"

"Almost, let me get my sword."

Peering into her room I felt a wave of nostalgia wash over me. Her bed was covered with old (and some new) stuffed toys. The shelves on the wall were littered with books, trinkets, and musical instruments. And the walls and ceiling were filled with the drawings I had given

her. It looked like the room of a sweet little girl, making the swords and bows stashed in the corner seem out of place.

"Okay, I'm ready," she said, strapping the sword to her back. I tried not to think how odd she looked carrying a sword almost as big as herself.

I nodded picking up Dad's training axe before heading towards the stairs.

"Oh, by the way, the answer to Gobber's question is 'a shield'."

I stopped, trying to understand her cryptic message.

"And try not to get distracted by Astrid." She added, moving past me to get to the stairs. "The arena is not the best place for small talk."

"Thank you for the advice, it wasn't creepy at all."

She just threw me a sweet smile over her shoulder.

* * *

><p>By the time we got to the dragon arena all the other teens were already inside, looking around in awe. Even though they had seen what it looked like from the outside, this was their first time being_ inside_ it. The only one who actually done so was Snow, who is currently un-amused by their comments regarding the 'cool' scars they hoped to get here.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it," I hear Astrid say wryly.

"Yeah, no kidding, right? Pain, love it." I blurted out before I could stop myself, drawing their (her) attention.

Their surprised expressions quickly turned to annoyed sneers. They obviously didn't like the idea of me being there, and I completely agreed.

"Oh, great, who let you two losers in?" gripped Tuffnut.

Snow growled reaching back for her sword. I grabbed her wrist, shaking my head 'no.' There are a lot of things that a guy shouldn't have to go through. Fear that his baby sister might commit mass murder is one of them. Luckily Gobber decided to step in, reminding everyone of the goal to be the one who will kill the Monstrous Nightmare.

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify him or?" Mocked Snotlout, earning laughter from the rest of the teens.

"How about I kill you and save the dragons the trouble?" Snarled Snow trying to pull her had from my wrist.

"I'd like to see you try, pipsqueak," scoffed Snotlout. "Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?"

I couldn't help but notice that he had raised his club to a defensive

position. He obviously still remembered the last time she did, I wouldn't either if you ended up missing a tooth because of it.

"I'm sorry Snotlout, they don't accept dimwitted, illiterate, narcissists like you." Retorted Snow with a smirk.

"I'm not illiterate, my parents are married!" Yelled Snotlout with fury.

Snow and I just gave each other a knowing look, making our dear cousin even angrier. Looking at the others I saw Gobber grinning in amusement, the twins scratching their heads confused, Fishlegs hiding his giggle behind his hand, and I could have sworn I saw a small smile grace Astrid's face.

"Enough with the jokes, it's time to start training," said Gobber, pulling Snow to the side as he did so. "Don't worry your brother is small and weak. The dragons will think he's sick or insane and go after the more Viking like teens instead."

I don't know whether I should be insulted or reassured that the dragons probably won't see me as a target.

Soon all seven of us lined up in front of the many doors that separated us from our fiery deaths. I wonder, how often do they make maintenance checks on those doors? I'll have to ask Snow later. Beside me Fishlegs was shooting about facts about every dragon Gobber mentioned, causing the older man to snap at him.

"And, the Gronkle," said Gobber, resting his hand on the lever that opened the door. Uh-oh, time to learn on the job.

"Jaw strength 8," whispered Fishlegs making Snow giggle.

"Wait, aren't you going to teach us first?" protested Snotlout, looking slightly panicked.

"I believe in learning on the job," answered Gobber with a smile, pulling down on the lever. I knew it!

With a loud bang the doors opened, sending out a large Gronkle towards us. We all scattered, taking defensive positions as the Gronkle flew overhead. "Today is all about survival, you get blasted you're dead. Quick! What's the first thing you'll need?"

"A doctor," I said, scanning the arena when I saw that Snow was no longer beside me.

"Plus 5 speed," called Fishlegs. '_What does that even mean?_'

"A shield!" answered Astrid confidently, along with someone else. Looking over my shoulder I saw Snow standing by the wall, carrying a shield in each hand. '_**That's**_ what she meant.'

"That's right. Shields, go!" shouted Gobber, signaling us to make a mad dash for the shields scattered around the room. '_How did I miss that?_'

"I told you," said Snow, handing me one of her shields, while keeping an eye on the arena. I tried not to think about how easily she was

able to carry both of them. "Ruffnut, Tuffnut, stop fighting!"

Following her gaze I saw that the twins were too busy fighting over a shield to notice that the Gronkle was headed straight for them.

"Watch out for the-"

Boom!

The shield was blasted out of their hands, stunning them both. "gronkle."

"Tuffnut, Ruffnut, you're out!" called Gobber. "Another thing that a shield is good for is noise! Make lots of it!"

Grouping together with the rest of the teens I started to banging my shield with my axe. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that Snow still had her sword sheathed, banging the edge of her shield on the floor instead. Her little body was in a tense crouch, ready to roll out of the way if the Gronkle fired a shot at her, never letting it out of her sight.

'She's so much cooler than me,' I thought bitterly. '_Great, now I'm jealous of my baby sister, fantastic._'

"All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronkle have?"

"Five?" called Snotlout, trying to get out of the dragon's line of sight like the rest of us. Snow and I moved towards the edge of the arena taking cover behind a large wooden board.

"No, six!" exclaimed Fishlegs, taking his eyes off the Gronkle.

"Correct, that's almost one for each of you," praised Gobber, just as the Gronkle shot at Fishleg's shield, causing him to run off screaming.

"Fishlegs, out," deadpanned Gobber. "Hiccup, Snow, get in there!"

"Is he c_razy_?" hissed Snow when a shot barely missed us. "Only three shots left. Let's pray it used them on Snotlout."

Looking over to where Snotlout and Astrid were I saw that the Gronkle was making a beeline for them. Panic settled in my stomach, not only for their safety but also because Snotlout was trying to chat up Astrid. He might be a jerk but he was still a catch in Viking standards, and there were only so many potential partners here in Berk.

The Gronkle fired a shot at them, knocking Snotlout's shield out of his hand. Astrid had managed to roll out of the way before the shot was fired.

"So, I guess it's just us three," I said when she came to a stop in front of Snow and me.

"No time for small talk," snapped Snow, giving me a light push with her shield to get me to focus.

"Nope, just you two," said Astrid sprinting out of the way giving the Gronkle a clear shot of us.

"Eek!" Yelped Snow when the shot hit the edge of her shield, sending it rolling away from her.

"Hurry take mine!" I quickly pushed my shield into her arms before running after her own.

"Hiccup!" I heard Snow and Gobber shout behind me. Looking back I saw that the Gronkle was headed straight for me, making me back against the wall.

'_Oh gods, I'm really going to die this time,'_ I thought squeezing my eyes shut, hoping it wouldn't hurt so much. '_At least Snow's safe, that's good.'_

The shot never hit me. Gobber had managed to pull the Gronkle away from me, sending the shot to wall beside me.

"And that's six," grunted Gobber, pulling the dragon back to its cage.

"Big brother!" cried Snow dropping her sword on the floor before pulling me into a tight hug. "Big brother, you're alright!"

"Shh, shh, it's ok, it's ok. I'm still alive," I whispered rubbing circles across her back to soothe her. She was shaking so much.

"You'll get another chance, don't you worry," said Gobber once the Gronkle was back in its cage, signaling that class was over.

"Remember, a dragon will always, _always,_ go for the kill."

Snow let out a tiny whimper, burying her face into my chest. I shushed her softly, rubbing bigger circles to calm her down. Once she stopped shaking Gobber helped us up, handing Snow her sword back which she promptly re-sheathed.

"Come on, let's go home," I said letting Snow take hold of my hand.

"Let's," she whispered back giving my hand a tiny squeeze.

* * *

><p>"A dragon always goes for the kill." Murmured Snow, staring intently into her tea. If every training lesson was going to be like today, we were going to have to stock up on tea and bandages. "So, why didn't the Night Fury?"<p>

I shrugged, wondering the same thing. Snow sighed, getting up from her seat.

"I'm going to Raven's point," she said.

"Why? We both saw the Night Fury fly away."

"I know but I just feel like I need, I don't know, closure? Don't tell me you don't feel the same way."

I sighed, why did Snow have to know me so well? It wasn't closure that I felt like I needed though. It was more like I needed to see if the Night Fury really did get away.

"We'd better bet going if want to get back before sundown. Remember, Gobber told us to meet at the Great Hall for dinner."

"Augh, dinner with Snotlout and the twins, sounds lovely. Should I bring the first aid kit?"

I shrugged, "Sure, we can't have anyone bleed to death, can we?"

Snow scowled, "You really need to let that go."

* * *

><p>"How pretty!" exclaimed Snow when we came across a cove. It was rather beautiful, with a lake in the middle and the high wall like boulders that made it a perfect place to be if you ever wanted to be alone. But it wasn't what we were looking for.<p>

"Well this was stupid," I grumbled.

"I wouldn't be so sure," said Snow with smirk, crouching to the ground.

Crouching down beside her I saw that she had a large black scale in her hand and that there were several more on the floor next to her feet. I picked the one that was closest to me. It was about the size of my hand and shockingly smooth.

Suddenly a dark shadow swept past, startling us. Peering into the cove we saw the Night Fury claw at the rock wall beside us. When it failed to get over, it glided to the other side of the cove, trying its luck there.

Doing our best not to alert the Night Fury of our presence, Snow and I climbed down lower to get a better look at the dragon. It had stopped trying to get over the cove's walls, instead it fired a blast at the ground in what seemed like frustration. Its back was towards us, giving me a good look at its body structure, something I hadn't been able to actually take note of the first time I saw it. Taking advantage of this opportunity I quickly sketched the Night Fury.

"Why don't you just fly away?" I whispered to myself. Looking at it again I noticed that it was missing something. I rubbed off the left tailfin from my sketch so that it would match.

"Oh," breathed Snow, looking guilty and maybe a little ashamed. She wasn't the only one who felt the same way. I patted her shoulder, dropping the charcoal in the process.

The Night Fury looked up at us, its eyes filled with anger and suspicion. I held my breath slowly pushing Snow behind me, expecting the worst. Instead it tilted its head, curiosity peeking through in its eyes.

Careful not to make any sudden moves I tucked my journal away, signaling Snow that we were leaving. As we reached the mouth of the tunnel from which we came Snow stopped suddenly. Taking a deep breath she turned around, giving the Night Fury one last look.

"I'm sorry! I know that you don't believe me, but I am sorry!"

* * *

><p>Snow said nothing after that, lost in her own thoughts as we headed back to Berk. Halfway towards the Great Hall it started to rain, completely soaking us to the bone by the time we reached its doors.</p>

'We should've just gone home,' I thought sneaking a glance at Snow. She was gazing towards the forest with worried eyes.

"Let's get inside where it's dry," I said, opening the doors, trying to get her mind of the Night Fury. I hope there was somewhere it could be dry in that cove.

"Where did Astrid go wrong today?" I heard Gobber say when we stepped inside.

"I mistimed my somersault, it was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble," She answered matter-of-factly.

"Yeah, we noticed," said Ruffnut sarcastically. Stepping closer to the table I saw that there was barely any food left for Snow and me.

"No, no, you were great. It was so, Astrid," protested Snotlout. As much as I hate to admit it, he was right. Even when she made a mistake Astrid was still amazing.

"Astrid's right, you need to be tough on yourselves. Now, were did Hiccup and Snow go wrong?" Said Gobber when he caught sight of us. I held in my groan, here it comes.

Moving as quickly as I could I grabbed a plate of chicken and a cup of water from the table. All while trying not to roll my eyes at Snotlout's childish attempt to keep me from sitting at their table. Please, I'm not stupid, I know they would rather die than to be seen sitting with me.

"They should up," said Ruffnut. "They didn't get eaten," added Tuffnut.

"Hiccup is never where he should be, and Snowstorm always clings to him." Answered Astrid coldly.

I'll be honest that hurt, a lot. Having Astrid was almost as bad as Dad doing so himself. Not quite as soul crushing but still hurtful.

Snow gave my arm a soft squeeze bringing me out of my pity party. I smiled at her, rising a questioning eyebrow when I saw the large drumstick on her plate. She nodded towards Fishlegs, I smiled wider. It was nice to know that someone else had her back besides just me.

"Thank you, Astrid. You need to live and breathe this stuff," said Gobber, giving the twins a smack upside the head, before taking out a large book. "The Dragon Manual, everything we know of from every dragon that we know is written in here."

Gobber dropped the book dramatically on the other teen's table. "There won't be any attacks tonight. Study up," he said before leaving.

Immediately the others started to protest, mostly Snotlout and the twins. Obviously, they weren't the best readers in Berk, even when we were kids. Their parents struggled to get them to understand basic runes. It was mostly out of lack of focus and motivation rather than actual lack of intelligence, at least in Snotlout's case, I think.

"Why should we read when we can just kill the stuff the book tells us stuff about," he protested, less intelligently than to my personal liking.

I shared an incredulous look with Snow. 'By gods, are we actually
related to that?!"

The only one who was actually excited by the news was Fishlegs. Who began to spew various facts about the numerous dragons he had read about, only to get shushed by a bored Tuffnut.

"You guys read, I'll go kill stuff," stated Snotlout, getting up to leave. He was followed by the twins and Fishlegs, leaving Astrid alone at their table.

"Looks like we'll have to share," I said getting up to move to her table.

"Read it," she replied pushing the book towards me while getting up to leave as well.

"Oh-oh, ok, all mine then, wow, awesome. So, I-I guess I'll see you, tomorrow," I babbled, hoping I didn't look as pathetic as I felt.

"Stuck up bitch," grumbled Snow. Normally I would have scolded her for being rude, but today I wasn't in the mood.

"Let's just get dry, ok?" I sighed.

"I'm just saying, you could do better, a _whole_ lot better."

I just rolled my eyes, "Oh, please, Snow. The best I could ever do us Ruffnut."

Snow frowned at me. "You know what your problem is, Hiccup? You always sell yourself short. Honestly, you could win over a Scottish

princess if you wanted."

I shook my head at her. "And do you know what your problem is, Snow? You are too optimistic about my future."

"Hiccup, there is no such thing as being too optimistic."

* * *

><p>By the time we were finally dry the Great Hall was empty and the fire had gone out.</p>

"Didn't you already read this before?" I asked Snow, placing more candles on our table to give us better reading light.

"I started to but I never got past the first few pages," she answered, trying to smooth down her hair. Without a proper brushing it puffed up after it got wet, making her look like a little red lamb.

"Do you want me to read it to you?" I don't know why I even bothered asking I already know what her answer would be.

"Yes, please," She nodded enthusiastically, her curls bouncing every which way.

"Alright," I said opening up the book. "We have the Stocker class, Boulder class, Striker class, Mystery classâ€!"

After the first few pages I began to understand why Snow never finished. This book was, if possible, redundant and spine-chilling at the same time. Every dragon had its own unique gut-wrenching way to hunt, kill, and eat its prey. So page after page it was nothing but extremely dangerous and kill on sight. Soon we came across a nearly blank set of pages.

"The Night Fury," I read, my voice shaking slightly. "'Speed unknown, size unknown.'"

"'The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.'" Snow shivered beside me.

"'Never try to engage this dragon. If you ever come across it, hide and pray it doesn't find you.'"

Impulsively I took out my journal, placing the sketch of the Night Fury on top of the Dragon manual. I stared down at both books, processing what I just read.

My sister and I had come across the most elusive and dangerous dragon in all of Berk, twice, and had come out unharmed both times. Could it be that everything that we know about dragons is, wrong?

One thing is for sure, I needed to engage that Night Fury to find out.

* * *

><p>There you have it people my latest chapter in Hiccup's point of view. You no idea how hard it was for me to try to keep him

in character all while showing that he is still a caring older brother and a Teenage boy with lots of insecurities and a crush.

For those of you who don't know I watched some of the director's comments about Hiccup's crush on Astrid. And according to them Hiccup is head over heels for her, and that she can do no wrong in his eyes.

So if you feel that I made him too fanboyish, this is my reason. Also I am a teenage **_girl_, I don't know how the male mind works. I can guess but I don't know for sure.**

That's all for now, I will try to make more chapter's in Hiccup's point of view in the future, but the next one will be in Snow's. So please comment, review, and feel free to ask me whatever question is on your mind. I will try to answer it at the best of my abilities.

So, until next time, please stay safe, make good choices, and always remember what would Hiccup do? Bye-Bye, I hope you have a blessed day.

7. Happy Snoggletog!

Hello people sorry if I took a long time, but this week has been hectic for me. Along with that I have been experiencing writer's block recently, so today's chapter will not be a follow up to the previous one. It's instead a small flashback that I'd been saving for later, it takes place about 3 months after the last flashback. Sorry, but those who have gone through writer's block know how hard and frustrating it is to get out of it. Please accept my consolation chapter.

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* * *

><p>Just as Stoick had predicted there had been enough time to stock up on food, along with them only suffering one more raid instead of the usual two, leaving them with more food that year. No sooner had they filled up the last store house had snow started to fall the next morning, signaling the arrival of Berk's well known six month long winter.</p>

The only upside to it was their yearly holiday, Snoggletog. They still don't know who came up with that name, many speculate that the founder had had too much ale when thinking of it.

Regardless it was a time of giving, laughing, and celebrating with one's family. Everyone, even Mildew, loved Snoggletog. Who wouldn't? What with its large feasts, colorful decorations, joyful songs, and amazing presents. Odin, did the children love the presents. Already several children had put out their helmets and boots to be later filled with goodies.

That included out loveable Hiccup and Snowstorm Haddock, who were currently discussing their possible gifts, while building a snow fort beside their house.

"I hope I get a sword like Daddy's and some more building blocks," said Hiccup packing snow onto the fort's walls. "A new sled would be nice too."

"I wanna kitty," chirped Snowstorm carefully packing snowballs to the best of her abilities. " You think Odin will get me one?"

"Maybe, you've been very good this year," responded Hiccup inspecting their fort for any weak spots. Finding none that he could see, he began to help Snow pack snowballs.

"Yup! I've been vewy good, not like Lout-lout, he took Fishy's swo'd one time."

"He pushed _me_ into the mud one time," added Hiccup packing some extra ice into one snowball. "And he pulled Astrid's braids yesterday."

"Poow Sissy, Lout's so mean. He won't get any goodies fwom Odin."

Hiccup nodded in agreement, putting his snowballs into a neat little pile. They stayed like that for a while, packing snowballs in a comfortable silence. Suddenly Snowstorm let out a loud gasp, shock and horror written all over her little face.

"What's wrong?" Hiccup clutched his sister's shoulder, his eyebrows furrowed in worry.

"If Lout-lout don't get any gifts, he'll get sad. If he get sad, he'll cwy. I don't want Lout to cwy." Explained Snow, her lips trembling as she pictured her cousin heartbroken.

Hiccup sighed, feeling guilty of his previous joy regarding the possibility of his cousin not getting any gifts that year.

"I guess I could share my gifts with him," he mused. "As long as he gives them back," he quickly added.

"Me too!"

Hiccup looked at their piles of snowballs, "I think that we have enough snowballs now."

Snowstorm nodded putting one last snowball on top of the pile, smiling mischievously as Hiccup got up. Looking over the fort's wall he carefully spotted the perfect targets.

"Load two," he whispered, never taking his eyes off the enemy.

"Load two," repeated Snow, placing two snowballs onto the miniature catapult, a gift from Gobber for Hiccup's birthday.

"Aim left."

"Aim left, um, which is left again?"

"The hand that holds the shield."

Snowstorm nodded, "Ok, aim left." Slowly she turned the head of the catapult towards her left.

"Hold," said Hiccup holding a hand up for Snow to wait.

"Hold," she repeated, gripping the lever handle tightly with excitement.

"Andâ€œ release," Hiccup dramatically brought his hand down.

"Release!" Giggling Snow pulled down on the lever hard, sending the two snowballs flying in the air.

Both children held their breath's, twin cries were soon heard down below. Peeking over their fort Snowstorm and Hiccup saw the Thorston twins shouting insult at the sky, trying to figure out where those snowballs had come from.

Covering his mouth to keep from laughing too loudly Hiccup motioned his sister to duck down beside him.

"Load two?" she whispered between her giggles.

"No," answered Hiccup taking one quick peek over the fort again.
"Load three."

"T'wee!" repeated Snow barely containing her excitement. "Yay!"

"Oh, and Snow?"

"Yeah?"

"Make sure they're extra icy." An evil little grin spread across Hiccup's face.

"Extwa icy!" Snow let out a squeal of delight, quickly covering up her mouth when she did so. "He he he he."

Practically skipping towards the launcher she loaded the catapult with the iciest snowballs they had. Her playful smile quickly matching Hiccup's wicked grin.

"Load t'wee!"

"Loosen one notch."

"Why?" Her grin turned into a confused pout.

"Just trust me, ok?" Said Hiccup looking over fort. "Loosen one-no wait- make that two."

"Loosen two," repeated Snow turning the wheel that keep the ropes wound up twice, releasing the pressure.

"Aaaaannnnnnndddddd release!"

"Release!"

Once again the snowballs flew through the air making their intended

targets cry out in outrage moments later. Grinning wickedly Hiccup grabbed two snowballs from one of their piles, Snow quickly followed suit, before looking over their fort.

Standing there, only two meters away, was a very angry Snotlout flanked by an equally enraged set of twins. All three children had a snowball at hand, ready to enact revenge.

"Happy Snoggletog," called Hiccup.

"Happy 'Tog," repeated Snow, smiling sweetly at them before letting her snowball loose on Tuffnut.

In a flash a full-fledged snowball fight broke out, both sides showing no mercy on the other. While Hiccup and Snow were more prepared and had better defenses, the others had the strength of number and better aim.

Before long the fort was breached, allowing the enemy access to their weapons. Snowstorm screamed as she dodged the snowballs sent her way, ducking behind the catapult. Hiccup was not so lucky, forced to fight one-on-one with his cousin, who thought that he deserved to eat snow.

Thankfully the fort was not designed to hold more than two people, making the children bump into one another. This little fact set the twins into one of their usual arguments, taking their focus off Snowstorm. Seeing the opportunity she quickly set off to rescue her brother, which involved biting Snotlout's leg.

The heroic fight that seemed to have lasted a decade, though in actuality was only fifteen minutes, quickly ended with all five children sprawled on the ground, out of breath and sweaty.

"I'm hungry," said Snowstorm, patting her chubby little stomach in emphasis.

"My mom made some bread this morning, do you guys want some?" Said Snotlout, getting up to shake the snow off his clothes.

"Alright!" cheered the twins, jumping upright at the prospect of food. They seemed to forget the bruises they had acquired, namely Tuffnut who was sporting a very impressive black eye.

"Sure, thanks Snotlout," said Hiccup helping his sister up, dusting the snow off her winter dress.

"No problem, my mom does make the** best **bread in all of Berk," boasted Snotlout seizing his younger cousin's hand as he did so. "Come on, Snow, if you give my mom the pretty eyes maybe she'll give us some honey too."

"Yay! I love honey!" Cheered Snow, jumping with glee. "Just pwetty eyes or weally pwetty eyes?"

"Hmm," pondered Snotlout, tilting his head in thought. "Start with the pretty eyes and if that doesn't work do the really pretty eyes."

"Ok," nodded Snow enthusiastically, before skipping off in the

direction of Snotlout's house dragging him behind her. They were quickly followed by the twins, who hooted in their anticipation for some honey.

Hiccup shook his head as he followed behind them. He knew he should stop Snotlout from using Snowstorm to manipulate others, but hey, he loved honey too. He'll talk to Snotlout about it tomorrow.

* * *

><p>There it is folks, please don't hurt me! I know that they don't seem completely in character, but that's the point. People aren't the same from when they were a kid and when they were a teenager. Also I believe that snowball fights bring out the most primitive side to all of us. I've seen it turn a docile little girl into a mischievous prankster.

Side note, I know nothing about catapults so please don't flame, I just made it up as I went along. On the subject, this chapter was inspired by two **Rider's of Berk**** episodes: 'Viking for Hire' and "Thawfest." If you have seen the latter episode you'll know what I mean. That episode showed me a side of Hiccup I've never seen before, and I'll be honest I felt unnerved by that wicked grin of his. **

Any way thank you for being patient with me, I'll try my best to push the story forward. So just wait a little longer. In the meantime be safe, make good choices and be happy. Bye-bye!

8. Is this some kind of joke? Yeah, kinda

**Hello, long time no update, huh? Before any of you start, yes, I am aware that I'm late but I would like to remind you guys that I have a life outside of Fanfiction. And that life includes going to visit family out of state and finishing financial aid paperwork.
**

Thankfully that also brought me out of my writer's block and inspired me to write another story. Don't worry I will balance this story along with the new one once I post it.

Disclaimer: I own nothing, there it's on let's move on now shall we?

* * *

><p>" 'It'll work' he said, 'trust me,' he said, 'what could go wrong?' he said," I grumbled angrily, turning the corner to yet another dead end. "Whoever came up with labyrinths needs to have a Fireworm shoved down their throats."<p>

"Focus Hiccup, you're not even trying. Today is all about attack!" I heard Gobber call down from his spot up in the stands. Spinning around I sprinted towards the direction of his voice, knowing that Hiccup wouldn't be too far from him. It was at moments like this that I agreed that Hiccup was foolish at times.

The plan was for us to go through the maze together: Hiccup would ask about Night Furies and I would stand guard for the Nadder. Now, it

stands to reason that if we, by chance, got separated, which we were, that we should put the Night Fury out of our minds and focus on not getting skewered by the Nadder. Apparently, my dear brother does not see reason.

_ 'Come on, come on, where are you Hiccup?_

"Ahhh!" Screamed Fishlegs a few walls down, the Nadder must have spotted him. "I'm beginning to question your teaching methods!"

_ ' __**Now**__ you're starting to question him?'_

I forced myself to run faster. The Nadder was close, really close. I turned the corner sharply, nearly running into the twins. I followed them, who knows? Maybe they've seen Hiccup.

"Tuffnut, Ruffnut, have—" I couldn't finish my sentence. Instead of leading me to my brother, the nutty twins lead me straight to the mouth of the Nadder, literally. At least they had enough sense to stand within its blind spot. Even if we had to squeeze together to fit, gods I hate being the middle of a sandwich.

"Ugh, don't you ever bathe?" Whispered Ruffnut to her twin in disgust.

"With soap?" I added, breathing in through my mouth to keep from gagging. Gods, he smelled like he bathed in swamp water over a season ago. I'm so glad my brother believes in hygiene, bathing as often as he could.

"If you don't like it get your own blind spot," snapped Tuffnut pushing back at his sister.

By doing so he pressed the fabric of his tunic right under my nose. Oh sweet Odin, I think I'm going to be sick.

"Why don't I make you one?!" Snapped Ruffnut, pushing her brother back, I gagged getting pressed closer to Tuffnut than I would like.

The Nadder squawked loudly, it had spotted us. Before I could register what was happening, both the twins grabbed my arms, pulling me away from the dragon's flames.

"Thank you," I said once we were away from the Nadder, and I had stopped gagging.

"You're welcome, nothing too hard for the world's deadliest weapon." Said Tuffnut sticking out his chest with pride. Ruffnut and I just rolled our eyes at him.

"Next laundry day I'm dunking him into one of the tubs." I whispered to her.

She grinned at me, "I'll bring the soap."

"I heard that stuff burns when it gets in your eyes, I'll bring the scrubs"

"Deal," she said holding out her hand.

"Deal," I repeated shaking her hand.

"If you two are done gossiping over there can we go now?" whined Tuffnut. "We need to find the Nadder."

"And how are we going to do that, Troll face? Can you see through walls?" Countered his sister, earning a name that Hiccup would not appreciate me repeating.

"Ruffnut you're a genius!" I exclaimed when a crazy idea popped into my head at her words.

"I am?" She asked looking up from the choke hold she had on her brother.

"We can't see through the wall but we might be able to see over them."

"You mean like with a ladder?" She said letting go of Tuffnut.

I nodded, making stacking motions with my hands.

"And how are we going to find a ladder in this place?" Asked Tuffnut rubbing his neck.

"You're such an idiot, we're the ladder."

"Ohâ€| Wait, I don't get it."

I shook my head, grabbing Ruffnut's arm to keep her from getting into another fight with him. "Forget it, it'll be Snoggletog by the time he figures it out. C'mon, help me get on your shoulders."

To my surprise Ruffnut actually kneeled down so that I could get on her easier. With great care I place a foot on each of her shoulders, making sure not to step on her braids. Taking hold of my feet to keep me steady Ruffnut slowly stood up.

"_Oh,_ now I get it."

I looked down at Ruffnut, she just rolled her eyes. "Shut up and let me get on your shoulders."

Having Tuffnut really did give us that extra boost that we needed. Now I could see over and into the maze. Smiling triumphantly I quickly spotted a route that would lead me straight to Hiccup.

"Hey, what do you see up there?" Asked Ruffnut tapping on my boot to get my attention.

"Hiccup is asking Gobber something," I answered, turning my head to get a better look at the arena. "Astrid and Snotlout found the Nadder. It looks like Astrid is going to take a shot at it."

"Of course she is," murmured Ruffnut, shifting her shoulders in discomfort. This made me lose my balance of a moment.

"Woah, careful there please. Never mind, Snotlout pushed Astrid out

of the way. His shot out off by a few feet and, oh gods, I think the Nadder is laughing at him."

The twins snickered loudly underneath me. 'At least it's Snotlout and not Hiccup that they're laughing at.'

"Now it's chasing after them, scratch that, its chasing after Astrid. It's really on her tail, the Nadder knocked down a wall. Oh sweet baby Thor in a thunderstorm, Astrid's headed this way! Get down, get down, get down!"

In a panic I jumped off Ruffnut's shoulders, twisting my body the way Stoick taught me. That way when I landed it out be in a safe roll, and not in a leg breaking stand, giving me enough momentum to take off running when I got to my feet. There was a loud crash behind me, I didn't dare to look back instead I pushed my feet to go faster.

"Hurry up," called Tuffnut as he and his sister raced past me.

"I'm trying but your legs are longer," I shouted at their backs. 'I hate being short.'

Turning the corner I saw that Hiccup still talking to Gobber, completely unaware of the mayhem going on behind him. On the bright side it looked like he wasn't hurt in anyway.

"Hiccup!" I called when I got within an earshot of him, something was falling behind him, it looked like it was Astrid. "Look out!"

I covered my eyes not wanting to see my brother get squashed.

"Ooo, love on the battlefield," heckled Tuffnut.

I could see why. Astrid had fallen directly on top of Hiccup. The impact left her axe wedged deep into his shield and their legs tangled together.

"Are you ok?" I asked, jogging up to the mess that was my brother and his crush.

"Does it look like I'm ok?" Said Astrid, trying to push herself off my brother with her elbow.

"I wasn't asking you." I pushed at her side in an attempt to roll her off him.

"Don't touch me," she hissed.

"I'm trying to help," I snapped.

"I don't need it," she snapped back. Using her axe handle as leverage she was able to lift herself up. I tried not to roll my eyes at her smug smile, I offered Hiccup a hand instead.

Suddenly there was a loud crash behind us. Looking over I saw the Nadder break free of the walls on top of it, getting into a sprint straight for us.

What happened next was a blur to me. One moment I was standing next

to Hiccup, and the next I was running towards the Nadder.

"No!" I heard myself scream while slamming the flat of my sword against the dragon's jaw. The impact was enough for the Nadder to tumble a step back, obviously stunned.

Panting heavily I turned back towards the others. Astrid was looking at me in shock, the shield wedged axe at hand. She would have used that against the Nadder if I hadn't gotten in the way.

I ignored her turning my attention to my brother. He was sitting up now his eyes filled with pride and what I think was jealousy, or was it sadness.

I gave him a smile offering him my hand, letting him know that what I did was for him and not for the Nightmare. He took it smiling back at me as he got up.

"Good job Snow," said Gobber guiding the Nadder back to its cage. "Everyone else, better luck next time!"

I promptly re-sheathed my sword, class was over.

"C'mon. let's g-"

"Is this some kind of joke to you!?" Interrupted Astrid glaring at Hiccup.

"What?" He looked at her confused, this seemed to tick her off even more.

"Our parent's war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on," she said emphasizing her point by shoving her axe threateningly at him. It was amazing how she still made it look intimidating with a shield stuck to it.

I snorted pushing her axe away. "As long as it's not the same one you're on he'll be fine."

She shot me a heated glare. It would have been intimidating had I not seen jealousy in her eyes.

I couldn't help myself, I smirked. "After all, you couldn't even take down a single Nadder."

Rage swept over her face as she pulled her lip back into a snarl. I knew that I was playing with fire and that Hiccup would get upset for antagonizing the supposed 'girl of his dreams' but I couldn't stop myself.

I wanted, no, I needed to push her buttons in order to show Hiccup what she truly was beneath that mask of beauty and control. He needed to see that she was nothing more than a an uptight, selfish, self-righteous girl with a violent temper. If I had to get a broken arm to prove it, well, it'll be worth it. My smirk grew wider at the thought.

"What's the matter Astrid? Na—" A hand shot forward, clamping my mouth shut.

"Gee, look at the time," said Hiccup at lightning speed, keeping his hand firmly in place. "We'd better get going, see you guys later, bye!"

Using his rare bursts of strength Hiccup managed to race out of the arena with me in his hold. Hand still clamped over my mouth. He didn't stop until we had put a good distance between us and the others, namely Astrid.

* * *

><p>"What was that about?" I said as soon as he removed his hand.<p>

He shot me an incredulous look. "What was that about? You tell me, are you trying to get on Astrid's bad side? Why would you say those things to her?"

"What would you rather I do? Just stand there and let her talk down on you like that?"

I crossed my arms across my chest in defiance. Hiccup sighed, running a hand through his hair before looking at me again.

"Look I know that you were trying to look out for me and I'm thankful, but you still shouldn't have said those things to her."

I raised an eyebrow at that.

"You know how much Dragon Training means to her, it's her dream. And what you said really upset her."

"So what you're saying is that I should've just stepped aside and let her take her shot at glory?"

"Yes, I know that-"

"That's a load of maggots!" I interrupted stomping my foot, I don't care that I looked childish, I was too upset. "Why should I risk my brother's safety just so she can bask in praise?'

Hiccup placed his hands on my shoulder's in an effort to calm me down. I just shook him off.

"Look, Snow-"

"No! It's not fair, Hiccup," I yelled. "Why should she get all the praise? That's all she's ever gotten and I'm sick of it! She's already 'The Golden Girl' and 'Berk's Prodigy', that should be enough for her! I say that this year's top graduate should be someone who truly deserves it!"

Hiccup just shook his head, casting me a sad look. I felt my anger rise up again. _'He's still on her side. Why can't he see what she truly is?'_

"But she does deserve it, Snow, you know that. Ever since we were little she's trained for this day."

That was true, ever since she got her battle axe when she turned ten,

Hel, even before then, Astrid's been training whenever she could for this chance. Slowly I felt my anger towards her go down a bit.

"And you know for a fact, that out of all of us, she cares about Dragon Training the most. She's always felt like it's her birthright to slay the Nightmare."

My anger instantly doubled at those last few words.

"What birthright?" I scoffed, every ounce of anger and hostility I had ever felt towards Astrid coming back full force. "Just because her family had a history of being the top graduates doesn't mean that she automatically had to be one. In fact, if it's anybody's birthright to slay the Nightmare, it's ours. Our father is the chieftain, our mother set the record for the fastest slaying, our uncle did so with only five blows."

"It doesn't matter that both her brothers were top graduates, or that her father slayed the Nightmare with three blows, or that her mother nearly broke the speed record. The ones who are truly pressured to win is us!"

Hiccup just scowled at me, obviously just a frustrated with me as I was with him.

"But we don't want to win."

"No, we don't. But that doesn't mean that I'm going to stand by and let her look down at us just because she's top graduate. From now on if she wants win then she's going to have earn it."

I didn't wait for Hiccup to respond. Instead I started walking towards our house, not bothering to look back.

* * *

><p>Gods, I hated this. Hiccup and I hardly ever fought, we were too busy looking out for one another to do so. But now it seemed like we were constantly at each other's throats.<p>

The sad part is that we wouldn't have fought if it weren't for Astrid and her stupid pride. Hiccup would have congratulated me, I would have made a joke about saving his butt, and then we would've gone home and had honeycomb for lunch.

But no, Astrid had to feel cheated and take her anger out on my brother, triggering another fight between the two of us by doing so. Even after she had belittled him in front of everyone, like someone else I know, he still stood up for her. Why would he do something like that?

'Because he's in love.'

Love. That's the strongest and most dangerous drug that one could ever come in contact with. It can turn cowards into warriors, idiots into poets, pacifists into murderers, and sages into fools.

And what a fool did it turn my brother into. It made him blindly pine over a girl who wouldn't give him the light of day unless he defeated a mountain. Personally, I believe that falling in love is the worst

thing to ever happen to a person. I'm so happy that it hasn't happened to me. '_Yet._'

That stray thought made me stop, leaving me standing on the threshold of my door. If falling in love can turn Hiccup into a blind pining fool, then what would it do to me?

'_Dear Freya, I pray I never fall in love._'

I sighed dropping my sword by the stairs before heading towards the kitchen. I saw Hiccup already sitting at the table with a plate of mutton, he must have taken a short cut. Next to him was a plate of fresh honey on bread, my favorite treat. Hiccup looked up at me, I avoided his gaze taking the plate and setting myself down across from him.

"I'm sorry."

I looked up at him, shocked that he was even apologizing. I thought he was still mad at me.

"I shouldn't have asked you to let Astrid win. I know that you're against that type of thing."

I sighed meeting his gaze, trying to show that I was just as sorry as he was.

"I'm not mad about that, well, not anymore. I understand, you're in love with her, and would do anything to make her happy."

Hiccup blushed.

"But I am mad about how foolishly you acted during training. I know that you were curious, but you need to focus. You could've been killed."

My voice cracked at those words. In a flash Hiccup was out of his seat, pulling me into a tight hug.

"I'm sorry, Snow, I'm so sorry. I promise that I won't do something like that again."

"You'd better or I'm never going to talk to you again."

We both laughed at those words, knowing full well that neither of us lasted more than a day.

"Come on let's eat."

I nodded, biting greedily into my bread. Halfway through me second slice I came a sudden realization.

"It's been three days since the Night Fury got trapped in the cove."

Hiccup raised a questioning eyebrow, mouth too full to talk without being rude.

"It's probably been three days since the poor thing ate anything."

The eyebrow remained raised.

"I know that there's a pond but what if it can't catch anything?"

The eyebrow dropped, Hiccup took a big gulp out of his mug before swallowing.

"Well, go on and get some fish from the pantry. I was planning on paying the Night Fury a visit anyway."

Smiling I raced to the pantry taking out two of the biggest fishes we had, before meeting Hiccup at the back door. I handed him one, nodding approvingly at the shield he was carrying. One can never be too careful with a Night Fury, and who knows, maybe it might come in handy.

* * *

><p>That is until it gets stuck between two boulders. Shrugging Hiccup and I ducked underneath it fish in hand.</p>

Back to back we walked into the cove, eyes peeled for the Night Fury. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a shadow creep over a large boulder.

"Hiccup," I whispered tugging at his tunic.

"What is—" Hiccup quickly pushed me behind him as the Night Fury stepped a few feet in front of us.

Gulping Hiccup slowly offered the fish to the dragon. It must have been really hungry because it started to scoot cautiously towards it.

Suddenly it stopped, growling threateningly at us.

Pulling back Hiccup opened his vest to reveal a small daggers strapped to his belt. The Night Fury growled even louder. _'Good thing I left my sword back at the house.'_-

Slowly Hiccup pulled the dagger out dropping it on the ground. The Night Fury still growled, obviously he wasn't taking any chances. Hiccup picked up the dagger with his foot tossing it in the pond at the dragon's direction.

Instantly his demeanor changed, substituting his cautious stance with a curious somewhat playful one. It was rather cute, with his big wide eyes and his head tilted just so.

Trying his luck Hiccup offered the Night Fury the fish again. He crept closer, mouth wide open.

"Huh, toothless. I could have sworn you had â€“" mused Hiccup eyeing the dragon's gummy mouth. Suddenly two sets of familiar razor sharp teeth shot out snatching the fish from his hand. "Teeth."

I giggled, Hiccup's spooked face was really cute. The Night Fury shot me an expectant look.

"Here you go, Mr. Hungry." I tossed him my fish. He caught it easily, slicing it in half before swallowing it whole, licking his lips after he did.

"Awww, aren't you a cutie," I cooed.

Suddenly the Night Fury started to sniff at us for more fish. Stumbling back I fell on my butt causing Hiccup to almost fall on top of me.

"We don't have anymore," said Hiccup leaning away from the sniffing snout.

The dragon pulled back at those words making weird noises at the back of his throat. Before any one of us could register what those noises were the Night Fury the bottom half of a fish onto Hiccup's lap.

Hiccup and I looked at each other awkwardly not really knowing what to make of this. The Night Fury nodded his head in a 'go on' gesture, before doing the same to me. "Oh, gods no."

Hiccup made a 'you have to be kidding me' expression before bring the fish to his mouth. I tried not to scream as he took a bite out of the fish before quickly passing it over to me. Now, I really tried not to scream.

Taking a deep breath I slowly bite into the fish. It was all I could do to keep from spitting it out and puking at the taste of raw, dragon spit covered trout.

The Night Fury made a swallowing noise. I felt tears rise up as the slimy piece of fish slowly made its way down my throat. Hiccup wasn't doing too well either, if the hand over his mouth was any indication.

I gave him a small smile he gave me a lopsided one in return. The Night Fury tilted his head, pulling his lips to imitate Hiccup, giving us another peak at his gums.

I giggled again, who knew that an infamous dragon could be so cute?

That adorable gummy smile quickly turned into a threatening snarl when Hiccup tried to touch him. With a huff the Night Fury glided to the other side of the cove.

He settled down under the shade of a tree. He turned in a circle, burning and kneading at the ground as he did so. It reminded me of Fiddlesticks whenever he settled down for a nap.

We sat down next to him, giving him a small wave when he noticed us. I tried not to feel insulted at the annoyed response he gave us. Hiccup didn't seem fazed by the dragon's cold response, instead he scooted closer hand stretched out to touch his tail.

Said tail moved before he could even touch it, startling him to his feet. I shook my head following after my crazy brother.

Plopping next to him I took a deep breath feeling my body relax. I don't know if this cove had any magical powers or not but I felt all the stress from this morning just lift off my shoulders.

Funny, I felt more at ease in a remote, enclosed hideout with a mysterious and deadly dragon than I did in my own village. Should I be worried about that? Nah.

Picking up a stick I started doodling on the ground, humming softly to myself. Peeking over at Hiccup I saw that he was doing the same. Humming louder I let a comfortable air wash over me.

Before long the ground around us was filled with pictures of people we knew and dragons. Due to my artistic talents, or lack thereof, I got all the easy ones, mostly Gronkles. While Hiccup got all the difficult ones: Nadders, Nightmares, and now Night Furies.

Halfway through his Night Fury drawing we heard a soft coo behind us. Smiling knowingly Hiccup continued drawing, his smile growing wider at the sound of the dragon's appreciative puffs.

Once Hiccup was finished, however, the Night Fury pranced away. Looking back I saw him break off a large tree branch with his mouth.

Dragging the branch the Night Fury began to draw on the ground as well with it, making large curves and swirls around us. When he was done he set the branch down, nodding in satisfaction at his work.

"What is this?" Pondered Hiccup.

"I think it's you, see that's your nose." I pointed to a small loop.

"Should I be flattered or insulted."

"Flattered, definitely flattered."

Chuckles Hiccup moved to get a better look, accidentally stepping on one of the lines. This made the Night Fury to growl at him. Quickly lifting his foot the Night Fury cooed again.

Hiccup set his foot down on the line again, the Night Fury growled.

He lifted his foot off the line, the Night Fury cooed loudly.

"Oh, for the love of Odin," I rolled my eyes, jumping in a space between two lines. The Night Fury sent me several proud coos.

"I was getting there," said Hiccup setting next to me.

"Patience isn't one of my virtues." I shrugged, skipping onto another larger space.

"Clearly," he grinned, moving next to me.

Soon we were dancing around in the dragon drawing, laughing loudly as we did so. Grabbing his hands I started to twirl us around, keeping

in mind of the lines.

Suddenly I felt a hot breath on my back. Looking up I saw that the Night Fury was directly behind us, close enough for us to touch.

Which is what Hiccup is trying to do, the Night Fury gave him a small snarl, making him pull back. Taking a deep breath Hiccup put out his hand again, only this time he did so with his head down giving the Night Fury the choice.

I looked down not wanting to put off the Night Fury.

Glancing up through my lashes I saw that he had placed his snout onto Hiccup's palm. I bit my lip, wanting so bad to touch him like I did back in Raven's Point but not wanting to startle him.

Giving in, I slowly placed my hand on his jaw, smiling when I felt the Night Fury lean in slightly. All too soon the Night Fury pulled back, giving us one last look before racing off to his side of the cove.

I looked over at Hiccup, he had an enchanted smile on his face.

"Magical," I whispered my agreement. "Absolutely magical."

* * *

><p>"And with one swoop my hand was gone," said Gobber, retelling the age old tale of how he lost his limbs. "And I saw the look in his face, I was delicious. He must have passed the word to the other dragons 'cause it wasn't a month later that another one came for my leg."<p>

I rolled my eyes, turning my fish carelessly in the fire pit. I don't think that I can ever eat fish, or any kind of meat for that matter, again. In actuality Gobber lost his leg a little over a decade after he lost his hand. He just liked to exaggerate whenever he told it to the trainees, it would have been cool if Hiccup and I hadn't heard it over a dozen times.

Fishlegs made some weird comment about mind control and Snotlout started kissing up to Gobber, again, by promising to chop the limbs of future dragons with his face. The fact that that was within my gene pool made me a little depressed.

"No, no, it's the wings and tails you want to aim for," corrected Gobber, tearing into his chicken. "A downed dragon is a dead dragon."

I nearly dropped my fish at those words. My Night Fury was downed, permanently, but I didn't want him to die. He was a cute little (big) Shadow.

I looked over at Hiccup silently pleading for him to fix this. If anyone could fix a life threatening situation it was him, he had years of practice.

He gave a small nod, rubbing his eye with the heel of his palm. I

yawned in return, making sure to blink rapidly when I was finished.

"Well, it's getting late, I'm off to bed," Said Gobber getting up to stretch. I yawned louder rubbing my eye as I did so.

"You should too, tomorrow we tackle the big guys. Slowly, but surely making our way to the Monstrous Nightmare, who will have the honor of slaying the beast this year?" Gobber gave Hiccup a pointed look as he spoke, not so subtly nodding in my direction.

Hiccup nodded helping me up, before guiding me down the stairs of the watch tower. Walking down I felt a pair of eyes on my back, looking up I saw Astrid staring down at us. I narrowed my eyes before facing forwards again. I'm going to have to keep an eye on her, Astrid was sometimes too noisy for her own good.

The moment my feet touched the ground I broke into a sprint for the forge, making Hiccup race after me. As soon as we entered his private room, Hiccup started drawing up plans to help Shadow fly again.

Wasting no time I started heating up the coals, pulling screws off shields, filling buckets with water, and gathering pieces of leather from the forge, all at Hiccup's directions.

He actually did most of the work: Heating, shaping, tempering, weighing, measuring, and building. Watching him make his designs come to life further proved my belief that Hiccup was completely unappreciated in this village.

"Shadow is going to love this," I said, opening and closing the tailfin in awe.

"Who's Shadow?"

"Our Night Fury, who else?"

"Wow, didn't think you'd name him already," said Hiccup fidgeting. "'Cause he looked more like a 'Toothless' to me."

I raised an eyebrow at him, "But he has teeth and it's not even cute."

"They're retractable, and why does it matter if it's cute or not?"

"Because Shadow is a cute dragon and he needs a cute name to match. Besides 'Toothless' is very misleading."

Hiccup crossed his arms, raising an eyebrow in turn. "So is 'Snowstorm' but you don't see me complaining."

I gasped offended, "How my name misleading?"

Hiccup gave me an 'Are you serious?' look. "Honestly, red hair and green eyes don't really scream winter. You're more of an autumn."

I could feel my lips just itching to pout. "You forgot about my 'white as freshly fallen snow' complexion."

"â€|"

"â€|"

"Still, I think that 'Toothless' is a great name."

"Well, I think that Shadow is an even better name."

Hiccup sighed, "It looks like there is only one way to settle this."

I nodded, "Yes, yes it does."

We both extended our fists.

"1, 2, 3, Shoot!"

I still had a fist out but Hiccup had opened his palm.

"Best two out of three?" I was halfway towards pouting this time.

Hiccup shook his head violently. "Oh no, you don't. I'm not falling for that trick again. The name stays."

"Fine," I huffed crossing my arms.

"Come on lets go home," said Hiccup gathering up the tailfin, completely ignoring my little petty tantrum.

"Just you watch the Night Fury turns out to be a girl and you've been calling her a none cute name this whole time."

Hiccup just laughed loudly as he left the room.

* * *

><p>There you have it folks. Again, so sorry for the delay, but I can't promise that it won't happen again, that's life. BTW, yes, I did make a Rise of The Guardians reference there. I couldn't help myself.
**

To make things clear, Snow does have freckles but they're not as noticeable as they are on Hiccup. She has more of that cute rosy/pale complexion going on.

**While I'm not completely satisfied with the Cove scene, I'm a bit at ease with everything else, especially the forge scene. It really shows you how talented and underestimated Hiccup was in the movie. To have only medieval knowledge concerning engineering, aerodynamics, and several other elements, not to mention having no actual measurements just rough estimates based on short observations, and build an artificial fin that fits and actually works (mostly) on the firsts try. That my friends is pure, undeniable genius. Forget about Astrid being labeled a prodigy, that title belongs to Hiccup. Can I get an Amen? **

Enough of my rant, I hoped you enjoyed my chapter. 'Til next time, be safe and have a blessed day.

9. Eels are Yucky!

Hello! Yeah, it's been a while but hey, I'm here now aren't I? Ok, so this chapter is a little shorter than my previous ones, but there's a perfectly logical explanation for that. The scene I'm doing is shorter than the others.

Also I've been getting a lot of questions regarding what Snow's dragon is going to be. To be perfectly honest I'm not really that sure myself. There are several dragons that I feel will suit her very well, but I am leaning more towards a Skrill or maybe a Changewing. So if you'd like you can tell me which dragon suits her better, or you can offer your suggestions. However, I would like for you to tell me **_*why*_ you think that dragon would be best. This is an important decision people I don't want to do it willy-nilly.**

Disclaimer; I own nothing.

* * *

><p>"Good morning, Toothless," I called, skipping into the cove. A basket full of fish strapped to my back. "We've got breakfast."</p>

Toothless let out curious gurgles sniffing at the basket, not at all aware of the leather bundle in Hiccup's arms.

"We've got a wide selection," I said tipping the basket over so that all the fish could pour out. "There's fresh Cod, Salmon, some Trout, and even a (yuck) whole smoked Eel."

At the mention of the eel Toothless started to freak out like never before. He was shrieking bloody murder, fangs out and wings spread, the whole package.

"Whoa, whoa, it's alright, I don't like eel much either," Said Hiccup, picking up the eel and tossing it away.

"Me either, they're yucky! Blegh!" I agreed making what Hiccup called my 'Icky face.' It consisted of me scrunching up my face in disgust and sticking my tongue all the way out.

Toothless tilted his head for a second before clenching his eyes shut and sticking out his tongue. I took this as him agreeing with me rather than him mocking my facial expressions.

:"Enough about that, let's eat," I tossed him a trout. He easily caught it, biting it in half before swallowing it.

Peering around Toothless' shoulder I saw Hiccup straddling his tail, probably to strap the tailfin on. Not wanting to give my brother away I started scratching Toothless behind his ears while he ate, just like I used to do with Fiddlesticks. I don't know if he was purring because of my scratching or because of the fish, most likely both. I had to admit it was sickly cute.

Suddenly Toothless pulled his head out of the basket, shifting

suspiciously.

"Oh no, Hiccup he's on to us." I called, scratching harder with both hands searching for that magical sweet spot, hoping to distract him.

Toothless just ignore me, his face slack with shock and awe. He must have felt the weight of the tailfin. Slowly Toothless began to raise his wings as if to-

"Oh no, you don't," I huffed swinging myself onto his back to try to slow him down, wrapping my arms tightly around his neck. "You're not-"

Without a care Toothless took off, impatient to fly again.

But just as quickly as he took off we began to fall down, heading straight for the cove wall. I squeezed my eyes shut praying that it wouldn't hurt too much. Suddenly, I felt us rise up again away from the wall. Peeking over my shoulder I saw Hiccup clinging to Toothless' tail, holding the tailfin open.

Turning back around I was amazed at what I saw. Never before in my life had I seen anything like it. We were just over the heads of the forest, giving us a good look at the tops of the pines that I've played around my whole life. And the sky, Sweet Loki, the sky, I have never seen anything look more beautiful than it did at that moment. It was the clearest of blue, and it looked so close that all I had to do was reach up to touch it.

I felt us shift again, this time in the direction of the cove. I loosened my grip on Toothless' neck, lightly petting his jaw. '_So this is what it feels like to fly,'_ I thought, '_I don't think that I could settle for walking again._'

There was no way that I ever could. I had just had a taste of what true freedom was like and I wasn't going to give it up.

"I'm sorry, Toothless," I whispered into his ear. "I'm sorry that we took your freedom, but I promise that Hiccup and I are going to give it back."

I must have brought him out of whatever happy trance he was in because Toothless tilted his head back to look at me, surprised to see me on top of him. That's probably when he felt Hiccup clinging to his tail. Huffing Toothless quickly changed directions, flicking Hiccup into the lake in the process. '_Damn._'

Almost instantly we started to go down unable to stay in the air with the tailfin closed.

"You stupid reptile! He kept the tailfin open," I shrieked as we crashed into the lake. I'll be honest that didn't hurt as much as I thought it would but it was still a bit disorienting. Kicking up my feet I broke through the surface coughing up lake water.

"Wohoo!" Cried Hiccup as he rose to the surface, a wide grin plastered on his face. "Did you see that Snow?! It worked, it really worked!"

"Yeah, I saw it," I deadpanned, swimming towards him. Toothless doggy paddled beside me looking annoyed that he couldn't fly immediately like he wanted.

"Quit sulking, we'll figure something out," I said climbing onto the shore. It was hard to move with my wet clothes weighing me down. My feet were especially heavy; somehow half the lake had managed to get inside my boots.

"You bet we will," said Hiccup grinning madly. "I've already got so many ideas."

I nodded, emptying the water out of my boots, all while eying my brother carefully. He had that overly excited look on his face again, the one that appeared whenever he got a mind blowing idea. Whether it was a good or bad one it was all up to how merciful the Norns were feeling.

"Come on let's get started."

"Yeah, no. I'm not going to walk through the woods soaking wet." I called peeling off my vest and gauntlets, I hope they don't shrink.

"You're right, we might want to get dry first," He nodded looking down at himself for the first time. "I don't think we'd be able to explain this if anyone saw us."

"We still have a few hours before class starts, we'll be able to get dry in time," I said un-tucking my tunic from my skirt so that I could pull it off.

"Hey, what are you doing," cried Hiccup grabbing both my arms to stop me from lifting up my tunic.

"Um, taking off my clothes so that they can dry?" I answered slowly.

"You can't do that in front of a guy, it isn't proper," hissed Hiccup looking uncomfortable.

"Hiccup if we were worried about what was proper Toothless would be dead," I scowled at him. "Besides we used to bathe together when we were younger, there is nothing to be embarrassed about. So what if you have a funny looking mark on your-"

"I wasn't talking about me, I was talking about him," he looked pointedly towards Toothless. The dragon in question was currently sunbathing on top of a boulder.

"Hiccup, he's a dragon," I deadpanned. "He doesn't care, and if he did the worst thing he could do is make fun of our butts."

"Well, I guess you do have a point," He said, slowly letting go of my arms.

I grinned at him, "Thank you, I always do. Why don't you go start a fire so you won't have to see me undress?"

* * *

><p>Normally the prospect of getting naked would have sent Hiccup into conniptions, but today he didn't seem to mind as much. It was probably because we were still in our skivvies and there was no one else to see him. Sure he was blushing and avoiding eye contact but at least he took his clothes off.</p>

I sighed in content from my spot by the fire completely relishing in its warmth. It was a nice feeling, its soothing flames drying the water off my skin without burning me.

"This is great, isn't it Hiccup?" I said wriggling my toes in front of the flames. "Almost makes you want to ditch dragon training, huh?"

"Almost," he hummed patting our tunics to see if they were dry enough.

"We're going to tackle the Zippelback today," I stated while finger combing my hair, trying to get all the knots out. "This means that Gobber is going to split us up into teams."

Hiccup groaned, "Please tell me he wouldn't put me with Snotlout or one of the twins."

"Don't worry, Gobber might like to tease us but he isn't sadistic," I reassured getting to my feet. "He'll most likely place you with Fishlegs, seeing that he is the only one who wouldn't try to feed you to the dragon."

"What about Astrid?" He asked, trying his best to sound nonchalant but his blush gave him away.

I rolled my eyes at the mention of her, "Gobber doesn't place boys and girls together anymore, not since one of the recruits got a little too handsy with his partner."

Hiccup nodded thoughtfully, "That makes sense, can you imagine what would happen if Snotlout got paired with Astrid?"

"We'd be short one cousin, but on the bright side that's one less person eligible to challenge you for chieftain."

"You do realize that you can challenge me once you've come of age."

"Yeah, I do," I shrugged. "But we both know that I'll be too busy crushing down any uprisings against you to properly prepare for a Thing."

Hiccup just shook his head, "Dad would be going crossed-eyed if he heard you."

"Meh, I'm pretty sure that he'd be more worried about us fraternizing with Toothless."

He cringed, "Let's hope that he never has find out."

"Let's," I nodded. "Are my clothes dry yet?"

Hiccup sent me a small smile tossing me my clothes while grabbing hold of his own. I quickly pulled them on feeling toasty warm when the fabric touched my skin. Still I couldn't help but feel odd without my cap. I had lost it sometime during the flight, or maybe it was when we fell into the water.

I sighed, pulling my hair up into a ponytail with a piece of twine from my first-aid kit. It's a good thing I kept it in a water-proof pouch, some things aren't meant to get wet.

"What?" I asked noticing the odd look Hiccup was giving me.

He shook his head, "Nothing, it's just, this is the first time I've seen you without your cap for more than two minutes since, you know, the whole Dagur incident."

"Oh, yeah I guess," I replied lamely, self-consciously touching my, still short, hair. I hated my hair, almost as much as I hated Dagur himself.

"Don't get me wrong it looks nice, really nice."

"It does?"

"Of course it does," He answered tucking a loose curl behind my ear.
"It's beautiful."

I felt my heart flutter with happiness. It had been years since anyone had ever called me beautiful or even pretty. Momma and Daddy used to do it all the time; whenever I tried on new dresses, or played dress up, or just smiled at them. But those days were long gone. Momma was in Valhalla and Stoick would rather focus on finding the Nest than to try to raise his children's self-esteem.

"We'd better get going if we want to get there on time," I said moving towards the exit to hide my blush.

"Oh man, you're right," exclaimed Hiccup following after me.

Chuckling I gave Toothless one last pat goodbye, the lazy lizard didn't even bother to open both his eyes. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Hiccup pick something up from the ground and tuck it into his vest.

'_What are you up to now, dear brother?' _

* * *

><p>I changed my mind, Gobber is sadistic. Why else would that man think that it would be a good idea to pair me up with Astrid and Ruffnut?

On second thought being paired up with Ruffnut was just fine. She was funny, in a violent sort of way, and she didn't treat me like a child or a burden. Better yet, she didn't try to mess with me. Both twins got broken clavicles the last time they did.

No, the only real problem was Astrid. Things were still awkward from yesterday. We couldn't look at the other without glaring, well, I

couldn't. So we just ignored each other for the most part.

The only bright side to this whole thing was that Hiccup got paired up with Fishlegs. So now all he had to worry about was soaking the right head. It was the left one, I called it Zap, and the gas head was called Zip. You know, to tell which was which, it did not mean that I was attached or anything. Moving on,

Zip & Zap were the only the second dragon that I had named. The first one was the Terrible Terror that led me to volunteer at Dragon Training, his name is Mauler. Those two were the only veterans of the arena. Every other dragon was new either caught earlier this year or last year after Dragon Training was complete.

Yeah, the arena goes through a lot of dragons. They either die out of bad luck (a recruit or two getting a luck shot) or an infection from whatever kinds of wounds those blood-thirsty hellions managed to inflict. To make it here you had to be extra strong or extra clever, Zip & Zap and Mauler were both. Their only problem now was that I knew all their tricks.

I tightened my grip on my bucket when the door opened, letting loose the thick smoke screen that Zip & Zap loved to hide behind. In a few seconds the arena was covered with smoke making it difficult to see clearly. I breathed deeply looking around for any signs of another group. Zip & Zap never made the first move. They always waited until at least one group wasted their water before striking.

Suddenly I felt cold water hit my back, nearly causing me to drop my water.

"Hey, it's us, idiots," Snapped Ruffnut at her twin and Snotlout.

I sighed, slowly backing away from the teens, the Zippleback was about to strike.

"Your butts are getting bigger we thought you were a dragon," said Tuffnut. I widened my strides at those words.

"Not that there's anything wrong with having a dragon-esque figure," offered Snotlout, smiling lewdly at them.

Ruffnut threw her bucket at her brother, wasting her water in the process, while Astrid punched Snotlout in the nose. Abruptly Tuffnut was pulled into the smoke. I smiled to myself, Zip & Zap had struck.

I eyed the ground cautiously for their sweeping tails, their second trick. I wasn't disappointed, a second later I saw something long move towards me. I quickly jumped over it, trying not to spill my water as I did so. Deeper into the smoke I heard Astrid and Ruffnut shout in surprise.

"Oh I'm hurt, I am very much hurt," Shouted Tuffnut, bursting through the smoke nearly crashing into me in the process. Still, I accidentally spilled half my water trying to avoid him.

"Chances of survival are dwindling to the single digits," murmured Fishlegs beside Hiccup.

"No one's dead, Fishlegs," I said scooting towards them. "Not yet at least."

"Aren't you supposed to be with the girls?" Asked Hiccup.

"Yeah, I was, but considering the fact that they both spilled their water I don't think that I'd be well off with them right now."

Hiccup scowled at me, "We'll talk later."

"Sure," I shrugged. "The first head is always a decoy by the way."

"What's-"

Swaying out of the smoke came out Zip, heading straight for Fishlegs. He yelped fumbling with his bucket.

"Wait, Fishlegs-"

Too late, Fishlegs had already thrown his water on top of him. Zip opened his mouth letting out the gas, looking smug while he did so. Fishlegs screamed, dropping his bucket and running the other way. This time I wasn't as quick, dropping my bucket when he bumped into me.

"Maggots," I cursed, Zap had chosen that moment to make his appearance. "Now Hiccup!"

Grunting Hiccup tossed his water towards Zap. Sadly, he still missed my several feet.

"Aww, C'mon," groaned Hiccup. Zip & Zap hissed, moving toward us.

I yelped, grabbing Hiccup's bucket and throwing it at them. It hit Zap head on, stunning him. It hardly mattered, Zip was still up and moving, snapping his jaws at us. It's depressing that this was the same dragon whose fish I stuffed full of herbs to try to keep them healthy. Oh, the irony.

"Back, get back!" Shouted Hiccup at the dragon, hands outstretched as if to physically push him back. "Don't make me tell you again."

To my surprise they did start to move back towards their cage. They were still hissing, only this time it looked like it was out of fear. Funny, they didn't seem so scared of Hiccup before. A thought quickly popped into my head; unless, he had something that they feared.

I felt my lips pull back into a wide grin just as Hiccup closed the Zippleback cage. '_My, my, dear brother, what a clever little trick you've just pulled._'

"So, are we done? Because I've got to go," said Hiccup awkwardly, not knowing how to respond to the shocked stares everyone else was giving him. So he did what he did best, he ran towards the exit. " See, you tomorrow."

"Bye~" I called, following after him.

We barely managed to make it across the bridge before I burst out laughing.

"Oh Sweet, Sweet Loki, did you see their faces?" I asked between chortles. "They were priceless. Priceless, I tell you."

"They were pretty funny," chuckled Hiccup. "To be honest, I didn't think that the Zippleback would actually react to the eel."

"Well it's a good thing it did," I took a deep breath to try and calm myself, but my mouth kept on pulling back into a smile. "C'mon, let's go to the Cove. I can't wait to tell Toothless."

"Actually, I need to stop by the forge first."

"Why?"

Hiccup's lips pulled back into an overly excited grin, "There's something that I'd like to make first."

* * *

><p>Well, there you have it folks. Until next week, or whenever I get the time, whichever comes first. Don't forget to tell me your thoughts on the chapter and the story so far. I really want to know how you guys feel about it and what you think that I can improve.

'**Til next time, be safe, be happy, and more importantly be free.
Bye~**

10. Learning to Fly

**Hello, sorry for the delay. I've just gone through my first week of college and it took a lot of my time. Thankfully I have National Holidays to help out. **

This chapter is in Hiccup's point of view and is written in a different style. If you all remember the classic 'See you tomorrow' scenes from the movie, you know it being mostly snippets of scenes. This chapter will be in that same format. Sorry if any of you guys get confused, I'd tried to write it differently but it just doesn't work out. It helps if you remember the movie, again sorry.

Oh, please don't forget to tell me your input on the story progress. Along with your suggestions on what Snow's dragon should be.

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

* * *

><p>If there's one thing that I love most about Snow is how supportive she can be. Whenever I would show her a new plan of mine she wouldn't shake her head incredulously like Dad did or look worried like Gobber. Better yet she never mocked my blueprints or me. All she ever did was smile proudly at me, I think, and ask how she

could help.<p>

That was all she did, and that is all she really needed to do. Sure it was nice not having to go out to the market and get supplies. Honestly, I think those vendors are out to get me. And Snow liked to tidy up while I worked making the shop a lot more manageable. But all that was just the berries on top. What truly mattered was the fact that she was there. That she choose to stand beside me, even though I was different, even though I would have been easier for her to just leave me behind, and not even regret it.

I don't think I will ever be able to repay her for her loyalty. I hope she's ok with a new Bow and Quiver for Snoggletog, maybe I should get her a new cloak too.

"I've got the leather," called Snow placing the thick bundle next to my tools. "Oh, and I ran into the Twins on the way here. Apparently we won't be having Training tomorrow, something about Astrid demanding another day to practice."

I rolled my eyes at that, "And when you say 'ran into' you really mean?"

"I walked beside them and happened to overhear their conversation."

I tried not to feel disturbed at how nonchalant she was about spying on others. With her small size and clever tongue she's been getting away with it for years. I'd confronted her about it once but she argued that she was merely being observant. Regardless Snow has blackmail material on almost everyone in the village, except for Dad, Astrid, Bucket and Gothi. She said the former two weren't worth her time, and that it felt wrong to blackmail the last pair.

"Are you going to lecture me or are we going to build this baby?"

I shook my head, I know that I should lecture her but I decided not to. Dad always said that you have to pick your battles when it comes to Snow. He just never picked the right ones.

"Fine, we can start after you thread this needle for me."

It had taken us the rest of the day to build the saddle but it was worth it. Snow couldn't stop talking about it.

* * *

><p>I really should have known that the real problem we would have was getting the saddle **ON** **Toothless**. That dragon wouldn't even let us within a 2 meter radius of him, forcing us to chase him around the cove. Stubborn dragon probably thought it was funny.

At some point during the chase Snow had managed to jump on top of him, leading Toothless to roll over in an effort to get her off. Only that Snow had been able to wriggle out of the way and onto his stomach trying to pin him down. Huh, I guess that all those years of fighting with bigger people did pay off. Anyway this little turn of events lead the two of them to start wrestling for the next half hour.

While the sight of a large deadly dragon biting my little sister's shoulder in an attempt to get to yield should've had me in a panic, it didn't. Maybe it was because Toothless had his teeth sheathed while he did it, or because Snow was smiling the whole time. But I trusted Toothless and I felt, no, I knew that he would never hurt her on purpose. And it was funny to see Snow pinned to floor by a large claw like a kitten.

By the time Snow had finally called it quits Toothless was in a good enough mood to let me put the saddle on him. After a brief 'discussion' on who got to steer, I won, Snow and I were up and trying to work the tailfin. We didn't get too far. I ended up pulling the rope too hard and sent us crashing into the lake, again.

It wasn't so bad, Toothless had a fire for us so all we had to do was hang up our clothes. Seeing that we wouldn't be flying for a while Snow and Toothless decided that it would be a good idea to start round two of their game. I sighed in content at the worth of the fire, I could get used to this.

"Hiccup, help!"

Springing to my feet I raced to were Snow and Toothless were, only to burst out laughing when I saw them.

Apparently Toothless had discovered that Snowstorm was extremely ticklish. The said girl was currently sprawled on the ground trying in vain to keep the large dragon head from nuzzling her sides.

"Don't justâ€| Hahahahaâ€| Stop himâ€|.Heeheeeâ€|Help me, Hic-" Snow let out a loud squeal followed by a large fit of giggles. Toothless had somehow managed to blow a raspberry on her belly.

"Ok, bud, you can let her breath now." I said pulling him away from her. With one final nuzzle Toothless pulled away looking very pleased with himself.

"You okay, Snow?"

"Heehee, *sigh*â€| I'm hungry now."

* * *

><p>While Snow was off getting lunch for the three of us I was at the forge working on belts that would help us stay attached to the saddle. That way we wouldn't fall off so easily during test flights. It was fairly easy since I didn't have to take measurements and Snow had purchased extra leather, just in case.</p>

So after lunch and a quick nap with Toothless we were back in the air. This time I had tied the rope to my foot, making it less awkward when I shifted the tailfin. It worked, in a way. We did manage to fly out of the cove, but we still ended up crashing. Thankfully, it was on a field of tall grass cushioning our fall.

"Hiccup, look at this!"

Pushing through the grass I found Toothless rolling around on the

ground, Snow giggling beside him. He had a silly, blissful look on his face and kept on rubbing himself against the grass as if it were heavenly.

I grabbed a couple of blades bringing them up close for inspection. "So, I guess that dragons have their own form of catnip. Huh, I wonder what it would do on a Gronkle?"

'_Oh gods, please work, please work, please work._' I chanted in my head as the Gronkle got within reach of me. Clenching my eyes shut I shoved my fist full of 'dragonnip' towards its noxe.

To my relief these little blades of grass seem to have a universal, euphoric effect on all dragons. The moment the Gronkle got a whiff of the nip it was down, completely relaxed and docile. I think it even wagged its tail when I rubbed the grass in front of its nose.

Once again I was met with shocked stares from the rest of the teens, but this time they did something different. When Snow and I were making our getaway they actually caught up with us. At first I thought they would be angry and demand to know how I was cheating. Which I was, even if Snow classified it as 'creative problem solving.'

Instead they seemed genuinely impressed with how I had taken down the Gronkle and had actually asked me how I did it. Not knowing how to handle this new non-violent attention I blurted out the first excuse I could think of and ran back to the arena, nearly bumping into Astrid in the process.

"That was odd," murmured Snow, once we were in the woods.

I nodded, "You're telling me, I never even saw that coming."

"Astrid looked really peeved, thought, and suspicious."

I stopped in my tracks at those words. Odin's beard, I had forgotten about Astrid, again. 'I'm such an idiot. I can't believe I'm doing the same thing that I was hoping Snow wouldn't do. Stupid!'

I sighed, "Looks like I won't be using any more tricks then."

"You're such a terrible liar, Hiccup."

* * *

><p>"Who's a handsome, fire-breathing dragon? You are, yes you are~" cooed Snow, scratching Toothless vigorously behind his earplates.</p>

I shook my head at the sight, " I don't know whether I should be worried about him taking offence at your cooing or you spoiling him rotten."

"Everyone deserves to be pampered every once in a while," she shrugged.

Toothless purr in agreement tilting his head to give Snow better access to his ears. At moments like these I would see why Snow called

him adorable.

"Besides if anyone deserves to be spoiled its Toothless," continues Snow, moving her hands down towards his jaw.

The moments her hands scratched underneath his chin Toothless drop to the ground, fast asleep with a smile on his face. I couldn't help but stare down at him incredulously. Who knew that the unholy offspring of lightning and death could be brought down with just a scratch?

"I call dibs on this trick," blurted Snow with a grin.

* * *

><p>I can't believe that I actually find I cute that Snow has to stand on her toes to scratch the Nadder. I wasn't even worried about it now having affect. The moment the Nadder stopped in front of a weaponless Snow, I just knew it would work.</p>

Sure enough, the Nadder was down on the ground, fast asleep and content. Right on time, too, Astrid had reached the pair, her axe still raised to deliver a blow. Snow ignore her, too busy cooing and petting at the Nadder.

Astrid's look of surprise quickly morphed into one of anger. That was my cue to get us out of there. Wasting no time I handed Snow back her sword before pulling her out of the arena at top speed.

"I think I'll call her Bluebird. What do you think?" whispered Snow once we were in the safety of the woods.

I smiled down at her, "It fits."

* * *

><p>I've had my share of awkward moments throughout my whole life and I can say that this is, without a doubt, the most awkward moment ever. What made it even worse was that no one seemed to notice it. If I had known this was going to happen I would have avoided the Great Hall entirely.</p>

I'm used to Snotlout and the Twins shouting praise and kissing up to people. I just wasn't used to them doing that to me. It felt so weird having someone other than Snow and Gobber try to have a conversation with me, without any hidden motives that is.

Looking over at my sister I couldn't help but to feel a little jealous at how easily she was this whole situation. She made it look so easy, sitting there joking with Snotlout and Tuffnut while Ruffnut braided her hair. Didn't she feel the least bit uncomfortable?

Sensing my gaze she sent me a sweet smile. 'Just enjoy it,' she mouthed, a nostalgic expression downing her face.

At that moment it dawned at me as to why Snowstorm was so at ease with everyone's company. It was because is exactly how they used to treat her when we were kids. Ruffnut loved to play with her curls and Tuffnut loved to make her laugh.

Reminiscing I felt myself relax enough to actually take part in the conversation Fishlegs was trying to have with me. It felt nice to talk to the people I used to play with when I was a kid without worrying about getting mocked or beat up.

Out at the corner of my eye I saw a blond blur angrily leave the table next to us. I felt my heart ache knowing who it was and how much she must hate me.

* * *

><p>Pretty soon it was Laundry Day which meant no Dragon Training. We actually didn't have that many clothes to wash, with Dad gone and us falling into the lake every other day, our pile of dirty laundry was rather small.</p>

"Do you want to head to the cove now?" I asked placing the very last tunic on the line to dry.

"Actually, I'm going to Ruffnut's for a bit," she answered, grabbing one of our scrubbing brushes. "We're going to dunk Tuffnut into one of the tubs."

I laughed at that, "Well, good luck and don't forget to scrub behind the ears."

"Oh, I won't," she sent me a wicked grin.

It wasn't too bad, not having Snowstorm by my side. We had actually been apart for much longer than this. Dad often takes her on hunting trips, per Gobber's advice, to try to get her to warm up to him. It still hasn't worked but thanks to that Snow is now one of Berk's best hunters. She even downed a bear once.

Fiddling with my hammer I started to reflect a dot of light onto the ground. To my surprise Toothless pounced right on top of it. Feeling mischievous I moved the dot all around the cove, keeping just out of Toothless' grasp.

"You are so evil," giggled a soft voice behind me.

I smiled up at Snow, "Do you want a turn?"

"Don't mind if I do."

* * *

><p>"Don't let your guard down," whispered Snow. "Mauler can be really vicious when he wants to be."</p>

I tried not to gulp nervously at her warning. Slowly the door was opened to reveal a ~~Terrible~~ Terror?

I raised an brow at her.

"Wait for it,"

In front of us Tuffnut let out a short laugh, "It's like the size of my—"

He never got to finish and I hope he never does, because at that moment the Terror launched itself at him, bent on ripping off his nose.

"Mauler, huh?"

Snow shrugged, "He likes to go for noses."

Deciding it was time to save Tuffnut from missing half his nose I beamed a dot of light towards Maulers face. It instantly got his attention, making him paw at the ground where I had moved the dot. Carefully I guided Mauler back towards his cage, sealing it shut with my foot once he was back inside.

"Whoa, he's even better than you ever were," I heard Tuffnut say behind me.

I inwardly cringed, Astrid was not going to take that well.

* * *

><p>When I was younger I would love to watch Astrid train and part of my still does. It hard not to, the way she moves with such grace and speed that you can only dream of having, throwing her axe with such deadly precision that it makes your eyes go wide and your heart pound. When she trained she transformed from a shield-maiden to a goddess among men.</p>

But right now, after stumbling into her mutilate tree after tree and scream in rage and frustration, I could only feel fear. It was mainly because she could at this very moment wedge her axe into my face and everyone would believe it was an accident. Well, Snow wouldn't but I'd rather not dwell too much into that 'what-if' scenario.

Not wanting to tempt the Norns more than I already was I quickly made my way to the cove as fast as I could.

"What's wrong?" Asked Snow from her perch on top of Toothless.

"I ran into Astrid while she was training," I answered, trying to shake the feeling of mortal danger away. "She looked really, um, tense."

"You mean homicidal and psychotic," She drawled, her lips twitching downward just slightly. "But enough of her jealous rage, aren't we going to test that new pedal?"

I nodded holding back a sigh. '_Well it wasn't like she even liked me before._'

* * *

><p>"Hey, Hiccup, wouldn't it have been easier if we had just taken off our riding vests?"</p>

Never before had I ever had any sort of violent thought towards my sister. But at that moment I felt a strong urge to smack her upside the head, and myself for being such an idiot.

"You know, that would have been a good suggestion before we decided

to sneak a Night Fury into the village," I hissed, trying to look nonchalant as a villager walked by.

Snowstorm just took it to stride shrugging her shoulders, "I dunno, it sounded like fun."

I sighed, "Let's just get to forge, ok?"

I have never been happier in my life to have had spent so much time stuck inside the forge that I knew it's layout by heart. Since we couldn't light a candle without drawing attention we had to navigate in the dark. Thankfully, everything was right where it should be.

"Hiccup?" Called a familiar voice outside as I tried to unhinge the loops.

My heart skipped a beat at the sound of it, both in excitement and sheer panic.

"Hey, Astrid. Hey, Astrid. Hey, hey, Astrid. What are you doing here?" I said hoping I didn't look like a total creep after jumping out of the window like that.

"Look, I normally don't care what people do but you're acting weird," she said in a no-nonsense tone.

I felt myself get tugged backwards a little.

"Well, weird," she added looking creeped-out. I think my heart broke a little at those words.

But I didn't have time to dwell on it since I keep on getting tugged backwards by what I hope was Toothless. It got to the point to where I was lifted off the ground for a few seconds before getting pulled through the window. Oddly I had landed right on top of Toothless, who decided that it was time for us to make out getaway. It was a good call, 'cause the moment we had make it out the back door Astrid had burst through the window.

"That was fun," giggle Snow as we raced through town.

I looked back at her incredulously, "Have you been eating Dragon nip?"

* * *

><p>There it is folks, hoped you liked it. Sorry for the delay, I'll do my best for it not to happen again. If you got confused, sorry, this chapter was really tough. I hope I didn't make Hiccup sound too much like a fanboy, but he does have a school boy crush.

**Til next time, be happy, be safe, be smart and don't forget to comment. **

11. First Flight (Oh, Look! Daddy's back)

**Well my friends it looks like we are reaching the end of our story.

Wow, I actually can't believe that I only have forty minutes left to write about after this. None the less this chapter was a bit iffy for me. It was not necessarily due to the flight seen, though that was rather rough, rather it was because of Stoick's 'talk' with Hiccup. I tried to work Snow into it the best I could without getting changing the atmosphere too much.**

Now that I warned you let us begin.

Disclaimer: I own nothing except for Snow.

* * *

><p>A battered ship slowly made its way onto the docks, signaling the end of another Nest Hunt. The overall mood of the crew was weary, with people varying in degrees of relief of being alive and frustration of another dead end.</p>

None could be more frustrated, however, than Stoick the Vast. Yes, he was glad that no one had died during the trip and that they still had one floating boat. And yes, he was relieved to finally be back home after spending pointless weeks out at sea. But above all else he was frustrated that he had failed to even locate the Nest. Frustrated, that he had once again broken his word to his daughter in vain.

"I trust you found the Nest at least," said his friend Gobber, taking his bag off his hands.

"Not even close," he grumbled, making his way through the docks and back towards the village. "I hope you had more success than me."

"If by success you mean your parenting troubles are over, then yes."

Stoick stopped to look at his friend, trying to decipher what he had meant. At that moment several villagers ran up to him, smiling and voicing their happiness. Well, that was new.

"Congratulations Stoick! Everyone is so relieved, Snowstorm finally had a proper role-model," said a woman.

"Out with the old and in with the new," said one man.

"No one is going to miss that old nuisance," remarked another.

Stoick stared in shock processing what he had just heard. '_Out with the old. Nuisance. A proper role-model._' All of that could only add up to one thing.

"He's gone?" whispered Stoick, praying he was wrong.

"Yes, most afternoons," answered Gobber, pride lacing his words. "But who can blame him, the life of a celebrity is very rough. He can hardly set foot in the village without getting swarmed by his new fans."

"Hiccup?" Stoick couldn't help the tone of disbelief in his voice.

"Who would have thought? He has this way with the beasts. Snow isn't too far behind him either."

Stoick looked up in awe, pride rising up in his chest. Sure he had dreamed of his children placing first in dragon training, but that was what they were dreams. Now it was actually happened, right when he was about to give up hope. It was just like a dream come true.

* * *

><p>"Alright, bud, let's take this nice and slow," said Hiccup, making sure that everything was in place. I rolled my eyes; we've been taking it nice and slow for weeks.<p>

"Position three, no, four," fumbled Hiccup looking over his cheat sheet.

"Just fly and enjoy it," I advised, grinning with excitement as we moved closer to the coast and its pillars.

"C'mon, bud," encouraged Hiccup as we flew underneath the arch of one pillar. "Yea, it worked."

BAM

We ran into a pillar. "Sorry," apologized Hiccup.

WHAM

We ran into another one. "My bad," he mumbled.

I smacked Hiccup upside the head alongside Toothless. "Yeah, yeah, I'm on it."

"Position four," called Hiccup as we began to rise upwards. "C'mon, baby!"

"This is awesome!" I cheered, loving the wind in my face. Good Thor, we were up as high as a mountain, cool!

"Oh man, this is amazing. The wind in my â€“ cheat sheet!" Cried Hiccup as his sheet started to fly away. "Stop!"

Toothless did just so, only to have the momentum make Hiccup and I rise off him. I quickly dug my nails underneath his scales in an effort to keep planted. Hiccup wasn't so lucky, rising high enough to have his riding vest unhook from the saddle.

"Hiccup!" I screamed alongside Toothless as we began to fall to the ground.

"Oh gods, oh gods," chanted Hiccup, falling right beside us.

>"Hiccup, my hand!" I shouted, reaching out towards him.<p>

"You're going to have to angle yourselves a little," he called, arms stretched out towards us. At that moment Toothless started to spin, accidentally hitting Hiccup with his tail.

"Hiccup!" I screamed.

"I'm Ok," he shouted, grasping for my hand once more. Throwing my hand out at far as I could I was able to grab hold of his wrist. Pulling back onto Toothless, Hiccup was barely able to stop us from crashing into the trees.

That didn't stop us from heading towards a large group of sharp looking rocks. Panicking I snatched the cheat sheet from Hiccup's hand and threw it behind me.

"Just fly," I shrieked.

And he did just that. Moving his foot in a way that could only be described as instinctual, Hiccup began to weave us through the rocky labyrinth with fast precision.

"Woohooo," I shouted along with Hiccup once we cleared the maze of doom.

Caught up in the excitement Toothless shot a fire blast in front of us.

"Oh, c'mon," groaned Hiccup. I stifled a laugh, hiding my face against his back.

'_I guess that not having to steer does have its advantages."__

* * *

><p>"That's a good look on you," I giggled, picking at Hiccup windblown hair, knowing full well that my hair was just as messy. Behind us Toothless regurgitated a fish for us.<p>

"Ah, no thanks I'm good," declined Hiccup. I simply shook my head 'no.'

Suddenly Toothless let out a threatening growl. Looking up in the direction of his gaze I saw a small pack of Terrible Terrors headed right for us. I shifted nervously. Dealing with dragons in the arena was one thing but dealing with wild dragons was another.

To my relief the Terrors weren't even interested about Hiccup and I. Instead they were more focused on Toothless' pile of fish. Some of the smarter ones grabbed the fishes that were at the very edge of the pile.

Except for one cheeky little Terror, he tried to snatch a fish right from under Toothless' nose. I giggled when Toothless caught him, snatching back his fish after a brief tug-of-war. The Terror let out a huff, breathing in deeply to send a shot at Toothless. Looking utterly amused Toothless casually fired a small fire blast inside the Terror's mouth.

The reaction was instant. The Terror's stomach briefly swelled before it started stumble around, smoke leaking out of its mouth.

"Huh, not so fire-proof on the inside, are you?" commented Hiccup.

"Here you go, little guy," I said, tossing him a small fish as a

consolation prize. Hey, it takes a lot of guts to try to stand up to Toothless.

It quickly swallowed the fish whole before regarding me with curious eyes. Cautiously it made its way towards me; curling up in my lap one he demeaned me safe.

I smiled, petting its back lovingly as Hiccup scratched its head.

"Everything we know about dragons is wrong," he murmured.

"I know. Sad, isn't it?"

* * *

><p>"What?! I was hoping for this," I heard Stoick chuckle proudly from inside Hiccup's workroom.<p>

'Slow poke,' I cursed myself. The moment we got back to the village we knew that Stoick had returned. Not wanting to have to deal with him we decided to hide out in the forge. Seeing that it was already sunset I proposed to spending the night there. Hiccup reluctantly agreed and I was off getting us some furs to sleep with.

What we didn't count on was for Stoick to actually look for us. And now he had cornered Hiccup. I was standing outside the workroom, listening to their 'conversation.' I don't know why I hadn't barged in already, maybe I wanted to know what Stoick had to say to Hiccup without me there to interrupt him.

"And believe me, it only gets **better!""** continued Stoick. "Just wait until you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time and mount your first Gronkle head on a spear! What a feeling!"

All I felt at that moment was disgust. The thought of Toothless or any dragon getting hurt, or worse killed like he described made me want to weep and vomit.

"You really had me going there, son! Of all those years of being the worst Viking Berk had ever seen!"

'Son of a troll, how dare you! How dare you say that in front of my brother!' _

It took all my willpower to stop myself from marching in there and scream at Stoick.

"Odin, it was rough, I almost gave up on you! And all the while, you were holding out on me! **Thor Almighty!**"

'Almost gave up? Almost gave up?! Gods, I hate you!' _

"Oh, with doing so well in the right, we finally have something to talk about."

I don't know whether Stoick was blind or just a terrible father. There were hundreds of things they could've talked about before. Like what was the best way to keep the Twins occupied for more than an hour. Or why we haven't exiled Mildew yet. Or maybe he can explain

why he left us for weeks after Momma had just died. But wouldn't matter because no matter what they could talk about Stoick never listens.

I took a deep breath, trying to keep my emotions in check. Blinking away tears of rage I heard Stoick start talking again.

"I brought you this, to keep you safe in the ring."

I felt my heart soften a little at those words.

"It's your mother's, its half of her breastplate."

'A breasthat? That's a bit gross.'

"It's a matching set, to keep her close. Wear it proudly, you deserve it. You've kept your end of the deal."

'Don't you dare feel guilty, Hiccup. Don't you dare!'

Hiccup let out a lout (fake) yawn. I heard Stoick scrambling in there (he probably got up.)

"Well, good talk."

"Thanks for the breasthat, I'll see back at the house."

"Good night, then."

I heard both of them fumble over one another. It seemed really stupid for them to wait to have something in common to talk about since they didn't even know how to talk with one another.

Sighing, I looked up to see Stoick squeezing himself out the workroom door.

"Did you mean it?" I asked, making myself present.

"Snowstorm, there you are!" He said with a joyous smile.

I ignored it, "Did you mean it, all those things you said back there?"

He looked down at me puzzled, "Of course I did, why wouldn't I? I've always dreamed of something like this happening, and now it actually did!"

"Are you proud of him? Are you proud of Hiccup now that he's a top student in Dragon Training?"

"Of course I'm proud, what else would I be?" Stoick frowned at me, unnerved by my questions. "Are you?"

"I've always been proud of my brother, long before Dragon Training," I replied, letting my anger and annoyance seep through my monotone.

Stoick looked taken aback, unsure of what to say. I didn't give him a chance to do so.

"Goodnight, Father," I said. Without sparing him a second glance quickly made my way into the workroom, ready to comfort my beloved older brother from his guilty conscious.

* * *

><p>That's it folks, stay tuned for next chapter when the secret comes out. You guys have no idea how hard it way to right this. Also I feel that I should finally explain where all Snow's animosity towards Stoick comes from.

**Basically, I had based Valhallarama (their mother) from the books, meaning that she often spent her time at sea questing rather than at home taking care of her children. This lead to Snow to unconsciously depend on and trust her father more than she trusted her mother. Even though as a child she loved both parents unconditionally. **

One day during Val's rare visits home, the village was raided by dragons again. There were several casualties, Val was one of them. Stoick, like I said before, left go find the nest right after the funerals. The thing is that Hiccup and Snow were only 7 and 4, respectively, at the time.

**Since Hiccup was older, he coped with the loss a lot better than others would have thought. This is mainly due to him focusing his attention more on comforting his baby sister rather than his grief. Snow on the other hand took this very hard. Not only did she have lingering feelings of abandonment from her mother but she was also at the peak of her Oedipus complex, you know that phase were little kids love and favor one parent over another. **

**In short, Snowstorm took Stoick's hunt for the Nest as a deep betrayal, feeling that he was abandoning her just like her mother did. Not knowing how to cope Snow transferred all of her lingering 'Oedipus' feelings onto her brother, seeing him as the only person she can truly rely on. That is why she is extremely protective of Hiccup and why she has no problem taking violent measures to keep him safe. **

**Well, that's my take on things. I hope you don't feel like it's too farfetched. 'Til next time, be safe, be happy, and be loyal.
Bye~**

12. We're Dead (Why Can't I kill her?)

**Good day my friends, or evening, which ever, we are close to the end of our story. But do not worry for I have many more stories to write about our favorite sibling pair. However, that does not automatically mean that I am going to write about the TV series. I might write about a few selective episodes but I really don't feel that Snow would have made that much of an impact there than the one she would have made in the movie. Let's face it, in the series Hiccup has Toothless, his father, and his friends to back him up, Snow isn't as needed then. I will probably write a few episodes, only to illustrate Snow's transition from relying solely on her brother and Toothless to her beginning to warm up to and trust the rest of the village. **

**Enough of my rant, let's get onto the story shall

we.**

Disclaimer: I own nada.

* * *

><p>I never thought I'd say this but I really hope that Hiccup loses right now. I was currently watching him and Astrid scurry around the Arena, whoever managed to down the Gronkle will almost automatically have the guarantee of killing the Nightmare. The rest of us had been weeded out of that pool earlier in the morning. I might still have been in there if I hadn't got caught in one of the Gronkle's blasts along with Ruffnut.</p>

So now, my brother was doing his best to avoid the Gronkle and Astrid. It would have been a lot easier if the both of us hadn't built such a good reputation with the dragons. To them we were the unusually kind humans who gave really good scratches, always had yummy smelling grass on them, and didn't scream at them and try to hit them with sharp objects. Sure, I had hit Bluebird with my sword at the beginning but I apologized and I'm pretty sure she forgave me, I mean she crooned when she saw me now. In short, the dragon's loved us and would rather have us down them than any other recruit.

Hiccup could have easily gotten out by now, which I think was his original plan, but since Stoick was here my dear brother felt that it was necessary to at least look like he was trying to win.

Sighing, I turned my gaze back towards the arena. The two of them had been at it for nearly half an hour, and just about everyone was ready for it to end. Astrid was still doing her best to get a clear shot of the Gronkle and Hiccup was running out was ways to avoid the big lizard without looking suspicious. The Gronkle was completely oblivious to their turmoil, thinking that Hiccup's avoidance was just his way of playing.

Readjusting his helmet or breast-hat whatever you want to call it, Hiccup sent Stoick a small wave, taking his eyes off the advancing dragon as he did so. At that moment the world seemed to slow down dramatically. Somehow the Gronkle had managed to sneak up on my brother. Acting purely on instinct Hiccup dropped both his shield and axe before reaching up and giving the large reptile a good scratch. Like always the Gronkle went down, with his eyes rolling backwards and his tongue hanging out in pure bliss.

"Damn," I breathed, closing my eyes briefly to keep my composure. When I opened them everything was back at normal speed. Astrid was screaming, swinging her axe left and right in frustration. I looked over at Hiccup, he looked so uncomfortable.

Excitedly Gobber pulled Astrid and Hiccup to face Gothi, the village elder. This was the moment of truth, whoever she choose would be seen as the most skilled and talented student, the one that would gain the right to slay (murder) the Monstrous Nightmare.

'Please pick Astrid,' I prayed. 'I don't want my brother to have to kill a dragon. Please, please, please pick her.'

Gobber's hand hovered over Astrid; Gothi shook her head 'no.'

'_Oh, no._'

Gobber's hand hovered over Hiccup, Gothi nodded with a smile.

'_Oh, fuck!_'

It was all I could do to keep from banging my head against the wall. Everyone around me was shouting in joy and excitement. I quickly put on the widest, most joyful smile I could, and raced with the other teens to congratulate Hiccup. Sneaking a peak at Astrid, I shivered at what I saw. Her eyes were filled with murderous rage and betrayal, and her body language promised one thing, vengeance. All of this was aimed at my brother.

Turning back at the scene at hand I let out a short (hollow) laugh when Fishlegs lifted Hiccup onto his shoulders. It was a good thing that everyone was too caught up in their excitement to notices Hiccup's mediocre acting. Fishleg's didn't let my brother down until we reached the village.

"C'mon, guys, let's go the Great Hall to celebrate my cousin's success," cheered Snotlout, earning whoops in agreement from everyone else.

"Thanks, Snotlout, but I need to stop by the forge," declined Hiccup.

"Awww, man, why," whined Tuffnut. "Ruffnut and I were going to try to convince Mulch to give us some hard mead."

"He needs to prepare for tomorrow," I explained, making sure to maintain eye contact and to keep my voice steady. "It's very important for him to keep focused on what he is going to do tomorrow in order for him have a greater chance of killing the Nightmare without getting badly injured."

Everyone seemed to buy my lie, nodding in agreement and apologizing to Hiccup for almost getting him distracted.

"It makes a lot of sense, actually," commented Fishlegs. "Remember when Kari got to kill the Monstrous Nightmare three years back. My mom told me that she drank so much hard mead the night before that she ended up hang over during that Final Exam, and that's why she nearly got trampled."

"Ha, that was so funny," snorted Snotlout. "Don't worry, cuz, we'll make sure to celebrate extra hard for your sake."

"Aren't you going to come with us Snowstorm?" Asked Ruffnut looking down at me with curiosity.

I shook my head, "I'm going to help Hiccup go over his plan for tomorrow."

"Good idea, try not to stay up too late, ok champ?" she said, sending my brother a wink.

"Will do," nodded Hiccup before turning tail towards the smithy.

* * *

><p>I waited until we were completely out of sight before turning my attention back to my brother.<p>

"What's the plan?"

Hiccup stopped in his tracks, letting out a sigh as he did so.

"I'm going to have leave with Toothless, Snow."

My breath caught in my throat. Hiccup couldn't have said what I thought he did, right?

"What do you mean 'leave'?"

"You know what I mean, Snow. There is no way that I can purposely kill a dragon, but I don't want to disappoint Dad, not after he's finally proud of me. Leaving is the only option I have right now."

My heart pounded like mad in my ears, I felt myself struggle to breathe evenly. Somehow those words managed to shatter something inside of me. Hiccup as going to leave, and I would never be able to see him or Toothless ever again. I felt like screaming in despair, but my voice couldn't get above a whisper.

"But what about me? You can't leave me here, Hiccup."

"Oh, Snow, I don't want to leave you," he said, cupping my face with both hands. "But I can't take you with me, it wouldn't be fair to you. Winter is coming and I want you to suffer through it. I couldn't live with myself if you died because of me."

I felt tears rise up in my eyes, "But I will die, Hiccup. If you leave me here I'll be so lonely that I'll just die."

"Don't say that," he shushed. "You'll still have Dad, and Gobber, and the rest of the teens."

I shook my head, a few tears spilled out, "It's not the same, it just won't be the same. If it isn't you, Hiccup, then it's no good."

"Please don't do this Snow," whispered Hiccup wiping away my tears. "I'll come back for you one day. When you're a bit older and when it's not so close to winter."

"That'll be too long, Hiccup. Please don't leave me, I need you," I whimpered, grasping his arms to keep me from breaking down completely. "You're the only one I truly love in this village. Please, Hicca."

Hiccup pulled me into a tight hug. "I love you too, Snow. You have no idea how much it kills me to have to leave you behind."

"Then take my with you, I can hunt, I won't suffer. Please, please, please brÃ³Ãºir*."

Hiccup let out a pained groan before pulling away to look down at me. "Gods, I'm such a horrible older brother, go pack a small bag and

make sure bring a winter coat."

I felt my heart leap with joy at those words. I wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, showering his cheek with sloppy kisses. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"I'll meet you at the cove," I said once I let him go before racing towards our house with a bounce in my step.

* * *

><p> Hiccup's POV

As I watched Snow race towards our house I held back the urge to punch myself. I'm a terrible older brother, the worst in all existence. I shouldn't have said 'yes', I should've fought harder and persuade her to stay here were she would be safe and well feed. But I didn't, because I was selfish and weak. The moment I looked deep into her wide, pleading eyes I knew I couldn't leave her behind.

Part of me knew that she was better off here, she would be protected by Dad, even more so if I left, but I couldn't shake the feeling of doubt that he wouldn't know how to take care of her. Sure, Dad would make sure that she was safe and healthy, but would he make sure she was happy?

Yeah, Dad knew that watered down mead made her queasy, but did he know that she loved her milk cold in the mornings, or that she needed warm milk with a drop of honey in the evenings in order to get a restful night's sleep. Dad knew that she preferred hard boiled eggs, but did he know that she liked to juggle them before she ate them?

It occurred to me then, that out of all the things that Dad knew about Snow there were twice as many that he probably didn't. Like how green was only her second favorite color and that midnight blue was her first. Or that she liked to sing random songs when she was truly happy. Or that she was still unsettled by Thunderstorms, and that they gave her nightmares.

Good Thor, Dad doesn't even know how to handle her nightmares. He doesn't know that trying to wake her up only makes them worse. That she needs to be held tight to keep her from breaking down into sobs. And that humming a sweet lullaby into her ear helps her back to a peaceful rest.

'Maybe it is a good idea for Snow to come with me. I hardly think she'll get homesick or anything.'

I thought about the satchel that she used to keep underneath her bed. Inside it was an extra change of clothes, a winter coat, a hunting knife, a week's worth of dried rations, an oilskin, and a small bag filled with silver coins. It was the perfect bag for when you wanted to run away.

Dad threw a huge fit when he found it. Snow threw an even bigger one she found out he went into her room without her permission. Needless to say that was the worst Snoggletog ever. Even worse than the time she wrote a hate poem and recited it during the village feast.

"She probably still has it hidden somewhere," mumbled to myself, stepping into the forge. Thankfully it was empty, I don't think that I'll be able to explain myself if someone found me. Snowstorm was the master liar of the family, not me.

Grabbing a medium sized basket from underneath the table I began to fill it with all the necessary items. My journal, tools in case we needed to fix Toothless' tailfin, extra leather for said tailfin, and two of the blankets Snow had brought last night. It didn't seem like much but I was a decent fisher and Snow was a great hunter so we didn't have to worry about food too much.

Double checking that I had everything I quickly changed into my riding vest and threw Snow's into the basket. Peering out the window I was glad to see the streets empty. Everyone was either at the Great Hall celebrating or at home doing chores. I strapped the basket onto my back before cautiously making my way towards the cove.

* * *

><p>"Come on out, Toothless, we're leaving," I called as soon as I stepped into the cove. Walking towards the lake I noticed a familiar satchel leaning against a boulder. 'Good, Snow is already here,' I dropped the basket next to her satchel.

"C'mon, Snow, I want to leave before sunset!" I pulled out her riding vest from the basket, giving it a quick look over to make sure it was in good condition. Seeing that it was I got up to go look for the two cheeky brats who thought that right now was a good time to play hide-and-â€"seek. I jumped back when I noticed who was in front of me. Sitting there on top of the boulder was Astrid, casually sharpening her axe.

"What are you doing here?" I guess that's why Toothless and Snow didn't come out to greet me.

"I want to know what you're doing," she slid off the boulder, menacingly making her way towards me. "No one gets as good as you, especially you."

Ouch, even if she was right that still hurt a little.

"Start talking! Are you training with someone? It had better not involve this," she grabbed my riding vest with distaste.

"I know this looks really bad," I began.

Growl Astrid turned her attention in the direction of the sound. Panicking I blocked her path, hoping to distract her.

"You're right, you're right, I'm through with the lies. I've been making outfits," I placed her had on my vest trying to block her view of what was behind us. "Take me back, it's time everyone knew."

Astrid grabbed my hand and twisted it back aggressively.

"Ow, why would you do that?!" Even Snow wasn't that violent, she always had to be provoked before she gave someone a beating, and even then it was always an even retribution to what they did.

"That's for the lies," she said throwing me down to the ground. "And that—"

Suddenly her axe was knocked out of her hand by a well-aimed arrow. Looking behind me I saw Snow glaring at Astrid, ready to fire another arrow. Beside her was Toothless, snarling and bearing his teeth.

"Step away from my brother Astrid, or prepare to become a Night Fury snack." Toothless snapped his teeth at Astrid for good measure.

I jumped to my feet, placing myself between Astrid and Snow's arrows.

"Whoa, let's calm down for a moment. No one is going to eat anyone, ok?"

I looked back towards Astrid, she was looking at us in shock.

"Sorry about that, they tend to get a little overprotective at times."

Her shock quickly morphed into what you could only describe as disgust. Shaking her head at us, Astrid raced back to the village.

"Duh-duh-duh, we're dead."

"I've still got a clear shot, Hiccup, just say the word."

"Put that down," I chastised. "We're not going to kill Astrid."

Snow just shrugged, putting her arrow back in its quiver. "Suit yourself, but we'd better do something before she blabs to the whole village."

I resisted the urge to sigh, "Go put your riding vest on, we're going to have to intercept her."

Snowstorm nodded, sliding her bow over her shoulder and closing the cap on her quiver. "Get ready Toothless, we've got a shield-maiden to kidnap."

* * *

><p>Astrid was half way towards the village when we found her. She didn't notice us approach until it was too late, Toothless had snatched her up by her arm.<p>

"Aaahh, Great Odin's Ghost, this is it!" She screamed as we flew back to the cove. Toothless dropped her on one to the top branches of a nearby pine before landing on the same tree.

"Hiccup, get me down from here!" She yelled, gripping the tree branch so tight her knuckles turned white.

"You're going to have to listen to me first."

"I'm not going to listen to anything you have to say, you traitor!"

She snapped.

"For the love of Loki, look at where you're hanging from you bitch," snapped Snow, fed up with Astrid's attitude. "You're far from the village in a place that only the four of us know about with no weapon and no one looking for you, we have a Night Fury. Now get up here before we lose our patience and leave you here to rot!"

Astrid pulled herself on to the branch before climbing on top of Toothless, only hesitating when he growled at her. Smirking smugly Snow scooted backwards to allow her to sit between us. "There, now get me down."

"Toothless, down, gently," I said firmly, not wanting to agitate Astrid more than we already had.

Snowstorm scoffed, "Yeah, we don't think so."

Without warning Toothless took off in a near vertical takeoff, flying so fast that it could have very likely made us slide off him if it weren't for our harnesses. Astrid screamed behind me, clawing at my shoulders and hair to keep her rooted.

"Bad dragon," I scolded. "We need her to like us."

"No, we don't," chirped Snow. I swear I could hear her smirk growing wider.

Toothless changed directions, taking us towards the coast. He flew dangerously close to the water, randomly dunking us briefly in it. I gritted my teeth, shifting the tailfin accordingly. I couldn't force Toothless to stop flying like a maniac, not when we were going this fast.

"Spin, Toothless, spin, spin, spin," chanted Snow, egging him on.

Toothless did as told, twisting around like a corkscrew.

"Thank you for nothing, you two are useless."

Snow just cackled maniacally. Seriously, she was spending way too much time with Ruffnut.

"Ok, I'm sorry," cried Astrid, clutching me tight. "I'm sorry, just get me off this thing."

With that Toothless righted himself out, gently soaring towards the clouds. Slowly Astrid lifted her face from between my shoulders, finally seeing what I had wanted her to see. None of us said anything too engrossed in the beauty and wonder the skies had to offer.

It was so liberating, flying through the clouds. Surrounded by nothing but white and blue, not knowing which way was truly up, just being there in the mist of everything, floating through the air. Now that was real freedom.

The higher and longer we flew the darker it got, until all the stars were out and we were gifted with the Northern Lights. That's when I heard a soft giggle behind me. Peering over my shoulder I saw Snow

reaching up with both hands, trying to touch those colorful dancing lights, looking completely awestruck and innocent.

Smiling to myself I nudged Toothless to take us over Berk. From way up here our village looked amazing, both magical and warm silhouetted by the moonlight and enhanced by the village lights.

"Alright, I'll at might it, this is amazing," said Astrid smiling fondly. "_He's_ amazing."

"Careful, the big lizard already has a large enough ego," warned Snow playfully, Astrid let out a short laugh. It's amazing how dragons were able to get the most embittered people to get along.

"Hiccup, your Final Exam is tomorrow, you do realize that you're going to have to kill—" She paused.

"Toothless already knows," said Snow, we both looked back at her in surprise. "He already knows about the Monstrous Nightmare. I explained to him that Hiccup couldn't kill another dragon and that we had to leave. I thought that if we left Astrid would have stepped up to the plate, but I guess that that's not going happen now, is it?"

"No, I don't think that I can step up now that I've met Toothless," murmured Astrid.

Snow nodded, "So, what do we do now, Hiccup?"

Before I could answer Toothless' body jolted, he was looking around nervously. Suddenly a Monstrous Nightmare burst out of the fog that had surrounded us followed by dozens of other dragons. Odin's beard, we were in Helheim's Gate.

"Hiccup, what's going on," whispered Snow nervously.

"It looks like they're hauling in their kills," I answered looking at the dead animals held between the dragons' claws.

"What does that make us?"

No one choose to answer it, instead we ducked down low on Toothless as he flew along with the other dragons. They all moved in unison, changing directions every so often until we reached a talk mountain that seemed to have lava flowing out of it. We dived into a tunnel leading into a large cave, the inside of the mountain. It smelled heavily of sulfur, and it was littered with dragons and their eggs. Though it should have been pitch black it was illuminated by an ominous red glow.

"What my Dad wouldn't give to see this," I murmured as Toothless landed behind a pillar. One by one all the dragons dropped their kills into a large smoking chasm. "Oh, it's nice to know at all of our food's been dropped a giant hole."

"Why aren't they eating anything?" Whispered Astrid.

"Maybe," gulped Snow. "Maybe, it's not for them."

Contemplating her words, I saw a Gronkle buzz over the chasm,

regurgitating a single, measly fish into the pit. As deep growl of disapproval followed soon after, causing several of the dragons to cower closer to the walls. Before the Gronkle could react he was literally swallowed up whole.

"What is that?" Breathed Astrid.

I didn't answer her, there was no way I could describe that dragon, no that **monster**, without choking in terror. All we could see was its head but that was enough more than enough actually. This enormous creature was capable of gobbling up whole dragons like bug, forcing them to raid villages in order to avoid getting eaten themselves.

"Ok, bud, get us out of here," I eyed the monster as it sniffed the air. It's eye shifted in our directions, it has spotted us.

"Get us out!" Screamed Snow. The demon snapped its mouth toward us, Toothless was barely able to dodge. All the dragons burst into flight, desperate to avoid its wrath, even though it was solely focused on us.

"Oh, gods,": sobbed Snow, I looked back in a panic. The Monster had caught a Zippleback between its impossibly long teeth. The poor thing must have accidentally gotten between us.

"Get us home, bud," was all I could say.

* * *

><p>"It makes perfect sense. It's like a beehive," explained Astrid as soon as we landed back in the cove. "They're the workers and she's their queen, it controls them."<p>

She quickly slid off Toothless, "C'mon lets go tell your dad."

"No, Astrid, wait," I protested running after her. "We can't tell my dad, they'll kill Toothless. We have to think this through, carefully."

She gave me an incredulous look, "Hiccup, we just found the Nest. The one thing every Viking's been after since they first sailed here, and you want to keep it a secret, to protect your pet dragon. Are you serious?"

"Yes," I answered without hesitating. There was no way I was going to tell anyone about the Nest if it meant endangering Toothless. He's the best thing to ever happen in my life and Snow's. He was the only one other than Snow who truly believed in me. He made Snow laugh and made her feel safe enough to let her guard down. He wasn't just a pet, he was our best friend, our brother, and I'll be damned if I didn't do everything I could to protect him.

"Okay," said Astrid after a pause. "What do we do?"

"Just give me until tomorrow I'll figure something out."

"Okay," she then punched my arm, hard. "That's for kidnapping me."

I rubbed my arm, by Thor it hurt. I looked back at Snow and Toothless, they just shrugged at me as she continued to pet his head sadly. Poor thing was still shook up, I know I was. I just prayed she wouldn't end up with nightmares after this.

Suddenly Astrid grabbed my vest, giving my cheek a quick kiss.

"That's for everything else," was all she said before heading home.

A smile slowly spread across my face as I felt my insides melt in pure bliss. I wonder if this is how dragons felt like when you scratched underneath their chins. My happy vibe wasn't enough for me to ignore the two pairs of eyes burning holes on me.

"What are you two looking at?"

"You have weird tastes," was all Snow said. " So, what's your plan?"

* * *

><p>And, Cut! There you have it people, just a few more chapters to go. Time sure does fly, doesn't it?

Ok, I want to clarify that I know for a fact that quivers don't have caps, however, Snow's quivers do. This is because they are specially designed by Hiccup as a present for her ninth birthday. That way she could run and tumble as much as she wanted without losing any of her arrows. The quiver it's self is made up of water-proof leather and the cap is attached to the quiver so if you take it off you don't have to worry about losing it. It's easily removable, since it has one of those snap on buttons. Again, I know that those didn't exist back then, but c'mon it's Hiccup if anyone can come up with that it's him.

**About that little sibling moment if anyone of you felt that Hiccup gave in too easily that was because he was never truly serious about leaving Snow behind, he was just trying to convince himself. I also wanted to point out that Hiccup does in fact act like a parent towards Snow, most often like a mother, though he sometimes doesn't realize it. That is also why Snow is so co-dependent on him, to her Hiccup is not only her brother but also her father and mother. That's why the thought of losing him is unimaginable to her. **

So until next time my friends, be happy, be smart, and be brave. Bye~

13. The Truth Comes Out (I Hate You!)

This is it my friends the moment of truth. People will get hurt, ties will get broken, and true friendship will be shown. And we will finally get to see who Snow's best girl friend is.

Disclaimer: Nothing is within my copyrights, except Snow.

* * *

><p>'Breath in, breath out, that's it just breath,' I told myself as I waited alongside Hiccup at the entrance of the Kill Ring. It was still rather early but people were already starting to fill up the stands. We had yet to see Astrid but we both knew that she was on her way.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I asked for the umpteenth time, fidgeting with my gauntlets. "Why don't you take some dragon nip, just in case?"

Hiccup shook his head, "I can't do that Snow, if I want to get them to see the truth it needs to be genuine, no tricks."

"I'm just not sure about this plan, it seems too risky. What if you get hurt?"

"I know but I have to try, besides we're Vikings it's an occupational hazard," he smiled at me, trying to calm me down.

"We really are in desperate need of a career change," I shook my head. "But really, Hiccup,"

"Snow, look at me," he placed his hands firmly on my shoulders. "I can do this, if I can handle a Night Fury, I can handle a Monstrous Nightmare."

"It's not the Nightmare I'm worried about, it's them," I nodded at the stands. "Even if you do tame the Nightmare, what if they don't accept it? What if we're pushing too much, too fast? Hiccup, they are going to feel betrayed and frightened, what are we going to do if they get violent?"

"Then I'm going to have to take all the blame," he answered simply.

I gaped at him, "Are you crazy?! They'll kill you! Stoick will disown you, then you'll get banished, if you're lucky*! Don't do it Hiccup, it's suicide."

Hiccup nodded solemnly, "I know, but if it'll keep both you and Toothless safe then it's worth it."

"Hey, sorry for being late," called someone behind us. Looking back saw Astrid jogging up to us. "Your dad's just finishing his speech, are you ready Hiccup?"

Hiccup nodded putting on the Viking helmet, "Astrid, I need you to do me a favor."

"What do you want me to do?"

He took a deep breath, "If anything goes wrong today, I need you to promise me you'll look after Snow. I know you two don't have the greatest history together, but please, please look after my baby sister."

Astrid looked down at me for a few before nodding at Hiccup, "I will, but just promise me nothing is going to go wrong."

"Thank you," he smiled before turning to face me. "Try not to give

Astrid too much of a hard time, Ok?"

"Ok," I whispered, reaching out to hug him. He hugged me back, placing a soft kiss on my hair. "I love you, Snow, don't ever doubt that."

"I love you too, more than anything in the world."

"Hiccup, it's time," called Gobber from the gate door. We broke away, giving one another a reassuring smile before Hiccup stepped into the kill ring. "Knock them dead."

I chewed on the inside of my cheek as the gate closed, cutting me off from my brother. I felt Astrid give my shoulder a soft squeeze, looking up I saw her giving me a comforting smile. I smiled back grateful for the companionship.

My heart quickened as Hiccup selected a dagger from the weapons rack. I knew that he needed to choose the least intimidating weapon in order to gain the dragon's trust but it gave me little comfort with my brother being trapped inside the ring.

When Hiccup nodded that he was ready, the door was opened. In an instant the Monstrous Nightmare burst out of its cage, snarling and its body ablaze. It scaled the chains of the arena, shooting fire into the crowd below. Finally it spotted my brother, letting go of the chains to land in front of him. Hiccup dropped his dagger and shield causing the crowd to erupt into murmurs. It the desired effect, though, a spark of curiosity flashed in the Nightmare's eyes; then came the painful part.

"I'm not one of them," said Hiccup, taking off his helmet and tossing it aside. I looked up at Stoick, his whole body was tense, with what I had no idea. I wanted to shout out to him that it was okay, that it wasn't really Momma's helmet, that Hiccup would never toss her away. But I couldn't in fear that I might startle the dragon.

"Stop the fight," said Stoick from above. It wasn't loud enough for set off the Nightmare but just enough for us to hear it.

"No, you need to see this," called Hiccup, his head hovering over the Nightmare's snout. "We don't have to fight then."

"I said stop the fight!" Shouted Stoick, slamming his hammer against the bars of the cage, making a loud *Clang*.

That instant the spell was broken. Whether it was because of the shout or the clang it didn't matter. All that mattered was that it triggered the Nightmare to attack.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile in the cove.</p>

Toothless basked in the sun, waiting patiently for his hatchlings to return. He didn't like the idea of them going back to the village, especially after Hiccup had explained to him what he was going to do. He understood that Hiccup felt it was necessary for everyone to know **why** the village was constantly being raided and that the dragons were victims as well. But he had to agree with Snow, the plan was

shaky at best and it had too much room for failure. Sadly, that was the best they could come up with in such a short amount of time.

Toothless pushed the giant lump of worry to the back of his mind. '_They'll be fine,'_ he thought. '_My hatchlings are strong and clever. They'll be able to pull it off._'

A smile crept up on his face at the thought of his two favorite Vikings. True he didn't trust them at first, in fact, he downright despised them. The only reason why he hadn't killed them was because they had spared him first. But the more they sought him out the more he began to realize that they were different, and slowly he began to trust them.

If any of his kin-folk were to see him now he would be automatically shunned. Not only for not killing the humans responsible for his injuries but also for allowing them into his heart. Who would have thought it? An infamous Night Fury loving two small humans, Vikings no less.

Funny, he didn't realize that he loved them until Snow commented about it. He still wasn't sure why she felt the urge to talk about that. All they were doing was snuggling in the shade waiting for her clothes to dry.

"Do you know what love is, Toothless?" She said softly, gazing at the clouds above them. "It's giving someone the ability to destroy you but trusting them no to."

She faced him then, looking deeply into his eyes. "I love you, Toothless."

It was then that he understood that he loved them.

He loved Hiccup for his strong will and kind hands, for his clever mind and determination to help him fly again, for his sarcastic humor and forgiving heart, for his lopsided grin and curious nature.

He loved Snow for her soft voice and soothing touch, for her sent of fresh milk and honey and her sweet smiles, for her playful nature and her innocent need to cuddle, for her stubborn will and unwavering loyalty.

But most of all he loved them for letting themselves be his.

Suddenly a faint sound floated through the cove followed shortly by several others. His eyes shot open recognizing the source of the sound. It was Hiccup, he was screaming, but it wasn't like any other scream he had heard before. This was a scream of pure mortal terror, the one a cornered animal gave before its life was cut short.

Wasting no time Toothless launched himself at the walls of the cove, scrambling to get over them. He clawed frantically at the rocks, the roar of a Monstrous Nightmare registering in his ears. '_A Monstrous Nightmare had cornered Hiccup. How had that happened? How could their sire allow that to happen?_'

A shriek followed the roars, it sounded frightened and desperate, it sounded like Snow. A new wave of adrenaline pumped through his veins as Toothless managed to pull himself out of the cove, something he had never been able to do before. Without hesitating he raced through the forest in the direction of his hatchling's voices.

'_Hang on, Hiccup, hang on, Snow. I'm coming, just hang on._'

* * *

><p>"Hiccup," I screamed as the Nightmare snapped at his hand. Hiccup barely pulled his hand back in time, scrambling away from the dragon.<p>

"He needs help," I shouted looking wildly for something to open the door with. I spotted an axe on the wall, snatching it up I wedged it underneath the gate. With Astrid's help we were able to lift the gate up just enough for us to slip under it.

I raced towards Hiccup picking up a shield along the way. The Nightmare was hot on his tail trying to roast him alive. How many shots had it fired so far? I hadn't kept track.

"Hiccup," I called getting his attention along with the dragons. Hot lava was shot my way; I rolled out of the way using the shield to protect me from any splashes. Springing to my feet I saw a hammer fly through the air, hitting the Nightmare right in the face. Not it's attention was focused on Astrid.

"Snow, are you ok!" cried Hiccup the second we reached one another.

I nodded, grabbing his hand, "Yes, now let's go."

"This way kids," shouted Stoick standing in the threshold of the now wide open gate. Astrid sprinted in his direction, reaching safety behind him.

Panting heavily Hiccup and I raced towards them, we were just a few feet away before the Nightmare intercepted us. It shot flaming magna in our path, destroying any chances of us reaching safety. We skidded to a stop before racing in the opposite direction, I accidentally dropped my shield in the process.

At that moment the Nightmare jumped, pinning us down with its giant foot. I cried out in pain, one of its talons had landed on me. It dug into my left arm, close to my shoulder, going deep and downwards. It felt like someone had stabbed me with a knife and was twisting it down slowly.

"Snow!" screamed Hiccup as he tried to pull the talon off me.

The Nightmare didn't budge, taking a deep breath to finally end us. Closing my eyes I prayed that at least Astrid would keep Toothless safe. Before the shot could be fired I heard a familiar hiss ring through the air, followed by an incredibly loud explosion. My eyes shot open the moment I felt the Nightmare let go of me, I was greeted by a thick cloud of smoke. Wasting no time Hiccup gathered me up, pressing down on my arm to try and stop the bleeding.

I hissed in pain, looking for any signs of the Nightmare. Finally the smoke cleared enough for us to see Toothless fighting off the larger dragon. It had pulled him off but Toothless sprung right back to his feet, placing himself between us and the Nightmare. The Nightmare snarled down at us but Toothless held firm until the bigger dragon got the message and sulked back to its cage.

Toothless then turned to us, sniffing worriedly at my arm before giving it a tender lick.

"You have to go now, Toothless," said Hiccup pushing at his snout. I looked around, Vikings were beginning to pour into the arena. I pushed along with Hiccup, ignoring the sharp pain that shot through my whole arm and the stickiness of my hands. "Go, Toothless, you need to leave. They'll hurt you."

Toothless ignored our pleas, rooting himself protectively in front of us. As soon as they were close enough Vikings charged at Toothless, who promptly fought back just as hard.

'_He thinks they're a threat. He thinks they're going to hurt us,'_ I thought as I watched Toothless knockdown warrior after warrior with ease.

A ferocious battle-cry rang through the arena, much more enraged than all the others. I turned towards the sound, eyes widening as I saw Stoick run towards Toothless, rage burning bright in his eyes. Toothless accepted the challenge, launching himself at the chieftain. It was no question of who would win, within seconds Toothless had my father pinned down. Toothless drew his head back taking a deep breath-

"No!" I shouted alongside Hiccup. "Please, Toothless, don't."

Toothless stopped to look back at us, confused. '_Why?'_ he seemed to croon. '_Why did you stop me? He was going to hurt you._'

Taking advantage of his distraction the villagers knocked Toothless off Stoick, throwing themselves on top of him to keep him pinned.

"Stop it, Stop it!" I shriek, trying to run towards him only to get held back by Hiccup and Astrid. "Stop it, you're hurting him, stop it!"

Somewhere in my manic state I was able to notice someone offer Stoick an axe. No!

"Daddy, don't," I screamed, tears rolling down my face. "Please, Daddy, please don't hurt him."

Stoick looked at us for a minute, his face cold and unreadable. Finally he pushed the weapon away, shaking his head.

"Put it with the others," he nodded at Toothless before advancing toward us.

"Go home Astrid, I need to talk to Hiccup." Was all he said when he reached us.

"Sir, I-"

"Home, Astrid."

Astrid frowned, sending us one last sympathetic look before doing as told.

"Dad, I can explain. I-"

"Spiteleout," Shouted Stoick, ignoring Hiccup's words.

"Yes, Stoick," answered my uncle, jogging up to us.

Stoick nodded at me, "Take Snowstorm home and have her wound treated."

With a nod Uncle Spiteleout scooped me up in his arms like a baby, heading towards the door. Peering over his beefy arm I caught a glimpse of Stoick grabbing hold of one of Hiccup's arms. At the far corner of the Kill Ring, Toothless was being pushed into one of the empty cages. The whole area around us was pure pandemonium, all because Stoick wouldn't listen.

I allowed myself to cry freely then, knowing that everything would be Hel after this. My brother would be disowned and banished or worse charged with treason. My other brother would be locked up in a dark, cramped cage like a mindless beast only let out to take beating from Vikings or used to be the next Final exam. Everything was in shambles and there was nothing I could do to fix it.

Somewhere deep in the back of my grief ridden mind a small voice started to whisper. It was dark and vicious, filled with anger and contempt.

'_This is all Astrid's fault.'_

* * *

><p>Aunt Gundis was the one to bandage up my arm. She fussed and worried over me, mumbling under her breath words about my brother she thought I wouldn't understand. I ignored her, I didn't have the energy to tell her to back off. When she was done she patted my cheek fondly, before heading towards the kitchen to make me some tea.<p>

It wasn't going to help. No amount of tea in the world would make me feel better. My eyes were puffy and tired from crying. My arm throbbed, all the way up to my shoulder. Not to mention the salve underneath the bandages was sticky. I had to take my gauntlets off to clean up the blood that had gotten underneath them, making me feel exposed and vulnerable. And all of that was just my physical discomfort.

Sighing, I brought my knees up to my chest, resting my chin on top of them, curling into a ball. The door swung open, revealing Uncle Spiteleout. He didn't look my way, stalking towards the kitchen where the noise was coming from. Either, he didn't see me or he just ignored my presence, it was probably the former considering the bundle of furs Aunt Gundis had wrapped me up in.

"Gundis, are you there," I heard him call.

"Yes, I'm in the kitchen, dear. I'm making Storm some tea, do you want anything?"

"No, I'm fine my love. How is she anyway?"

Aunt Gundis sighed, "Her wound is clean, thankfully it didn't reach the bone. I fear that she is really shaken up, though."

"I don't blame her, so would I if my brother turned out to be a traitor and I nearly got killed because of him."

Aunt Gundis snarled, "Please don't mention that little bastard in front of me, Spitelout. It's all I can do to keep from hunting that boy down and strangling him."

Anger simmered inside me. Did they forget that I was there? Did they not care that I could hear them? Or did they just assume that I felt the same as they did?

"You don't have to worry about that, love. Stoick disowned that boy not too long ago."

"Good riddance, that boy had been nothing but trouble for the whole village. I say Stoic should've done that years ago, before that pest started poisoning little Storm's mind. Don't you give me that look, husband, I know better than anyone how impressionable she can be. I practically raised her myself after Valhallarama passed away."

'No, you didn't. It was Hiccup who raised me.'

"Fear not, love, Useless will be banished from Berk as soon as we return from destroying the nest."

I was bombarded with hot rage and bone-chilling dread at those words. Hate poured through my very being at the thought of Stoick actually disowning Hiccup. I had feared that he might do it but I never truly believed that he actually would. What kind of man would disown his only son? The kind of man that would go look for the Nest soon after.

"What do you mean 'once you return from destroying the Nest'? Stoick already looked for that Thor-forsaken place. Why would he go look again? You had better explain yourself, Husband."

"I will if you would let me, woman," he snapped, Aunt Gundis just huffed. "Apparently, before he got disowned Hiccup let it slip that only a dragon could find the Nest."

"Makes sense," she hummed. "Why hadn't anyone thought of this before?"

Uncle Spitelout ignored her, "So now everyone is preparing to leave. The will be leaving before sun down."

"Will you be going too?"

"Yes, I need to stand by my brother's side during these hard times. I

fear that he is shaken up by his not-son's betrayal."

"But what of Hiccup? What if he tries to leave before he is properly tried for his crimes?"

Spitelout chuckled, "Don't worry, love. The only way that boy can leave this island is by dragon, and that beast is already being prepared to lead us through Helheim's gate."

'_Oh gods, no. He's going to take Toothless._'

I sprang to my feet, racing out the door with hot adrenaline pouring through my veins. The world became a blur to me as I ran across the village. The only thought in my head was reaching the docks in time.

* * *

><p>Panting I was able to reach the docks in time to see them load Toothless down on the ship.</p>

"Stop," I shouted jumping down on the same boat. "Don't go!"

"Snowstorm?! What are you doing here? Get back to the house," ordered Stoick, glaring down at me.

I shook my head, " No, please you have to listen to me. You can't go to the Nest, you'll die! There's a Monster there, it's nothing you've- "

"Don't have time for this," he interrupted. "Go back to the house."

"No, not until you listen to me. You can't go to the Nest, it's too-"

"I'm getting tired of repeating myself, Snowstorm. Go home now!" He lifted me up by my armpits, handing me over to a villager who was standing on the dock. I growled the moment my feet touched the ground.

"For Odin's sake, would you just listen to me!"

"You have nothing to say worth listening. Go. Home. Now!" He said before turning his back towards me, ending any further discussion. Something inside me snapped when he did that.

"I hate you," I said my voice rising in volume. "Gods, I hate you. I wish you had died instead of Momma!"

The moment those words left my mouth everyone stopped to stare at us. Stoick was looking back at me in shock, his mouth slightly agape.

"I hate you," I whispered for the final time before running back towards the village.

* * *

><p>I didn't get too far, I was too caught too caught up in my anger

that I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. I tripped over a rock, landing hard on the ground. The worst part was that I landed mainly on my left side, ripping some of my bandages and scrapping my chin.<p>

"Whoa, are you okay Snowstorm?" Asked someone beside me.

Sitting up I saw Ruffnut and Tuffnut looking down at me. Well this was lovely.

"I'm fine," I said, grimacing as I felt something wet trickle down my chin and arm.

"Really? Cause you don't look like you are," said Tuffnut, eying my arm.

"I said, I'm fine," I snapped. "What do you two want anyway? Ready to kick me while I'm down?"

The Twins shared a glance.

"No, we're going to help clean you up," answered Ruffnut.

"The Hel you are, I don't—" Tuffnut scooped me up, bridal-style. Never giving me a chance to finish.

"Eww, you smell like old sweat," I paused. "Have you been bathing."

He smirked, "Twice a month now, and I have to say it feels great. I'm not so itchy and the lice are gone."

"I am both proud and disgusted at you right now."

"Welcome to my world," laughed Ruffnut.

Thankfully their house was just down the street making our walk a short one. The inside was just what I thought I might look like, completely messy and odd. Was that a perfectly groomed stuffed yak in the corner?

"I'll go get some water and clean rags," said Tuffnut, setting me down on a chair by the table.

"Do you even know what clean rags look like?" I raised an eyebrow.

He scowled at me, "You know for someone so small you be really condescending."

"Do you know what condescending means?"

Ruffnut laughed as her twin walked away in a huff. I smirked, glancing at the First-aid kit in her hands.

"Are you going to ask me if I know how to use this?"

I merely shrugged, "Your aunt is a healer, and you two get hurt more often than Hiccup does on a bad day. I would be surprised if you didn't know how to use it."

"You're really cheeky, you know that?" Ruffnut placed the kit on the table next to us, bringing up a chair so that she could sit facing me. I winced as the undid my bandages, the smell of fresh blood and healing salves filling my nose.

"Whoa, that's one scratch you've got there," Said Tuffnut, holding two bowls of water and several clean rags. He handed one to his sister.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it," I answered, mimicking Astrid's dry tone. The twins let out a loud hoot of delight.

"Okay, enough about that," said Ruffnut, dipping a clean rag into the water. "I'll treat your arm and Tuffnut will clean your face."

To my surprise both of them were really gentle when they handled my wounds. It wasn't that I would purposely hurt me, Okay I thought about it for a second, but it was just odd to see them so serious and focused.

"Why are you helping me?" I asked as Ruffnut rewrapped my arm.

"Because you're our friend, duh," answered Tuffnut rolling his eyes.

"You still consider me your friend even after all that's happened? You guys do realize that I knew about Toothless, the Night Fury, the whole time."

"Yeah, we figured," shrugged Ruffnut. "I mean, I can hardly keep secrets from my brother, I doubt Hiccup would keep secrets from you."

"So why are you still talking to me?"

They both shrugged, "Because it was cool."

I stared at them incredulously, "That's it? You're okay with the fact that my brother and I befriended a dragon, a Night Fury no less, just because it was cool?"

They nodded, looking completely serious.

"Hey, it's hard to hate a guy who not only tamed a Night Fury but was about to tame a Monstrous Nightmare in front of the whole village," answered Tuffnut. "Sorry about that whole thing at the end with your dad, talk about a close call."

"Stoick isn't my father."

Ruffnut blinked at me, "No way, did he disown you too? I thought you were his favorite."

I rolled my eyes, "No, I disowned him."

"Whoa, girl, that's intense, if I had tried to do that to my dad, he would've smacked me in the mouth right then and there."

"At least that would be better than mom," commented Tuffnut. "She'd pull us over her knee in front of the whole village."

"Yeah, and then when we'd break free she'd start crying about how ungrateful we were," added his sister. "How we didn't love her anymore and about how any other children would love to have her as a mother."

I frowned, put off by what they were saying, "From what you've just told me I think I'm okay being motherless and having a neglectful father who never listens to me or my brother."

Tuffnut stared at me, "You're one sad little kid, you know that?"

Before I could answer Ruffnut pulled me into a hug. "I'm sorry," she said.

"For what?"

"I don't know, I just am."

"Huh," I hummed leaning my head against her chest. "Does this mean that you are my best girl friend now?"

She laughed, "I guess it does. You want to do something girly and give each other totally mushy nicknames?"

"Only if you want to, Nuttybar."

"Awww, you make me feel so special, Snowflake."

"If you guys don't cut that out I'm going to barf," whined Tuffnut, making us laugh.

"What the Hel?" said a voice from the doorway. We all turned to see Astrid looking at us in surprise.

"Astrid," I exclaimed, rising to my feet. "Have you seen Hiccup?"

She nodded smiling broadly, "Yes I have and he needs the three of you at the Training Arena in half an hour."

"Why?"

"He's going to do something crazy," was all she said before racing off.

Why would Hiccup need us in the Arena? What did she mean by crazy? Was it standard crazy or Hiccup crazy?

"Why would your brother want us at the Arena?" Asked Tuffnut. "Didn't your dad, I mean Stoick, already take his dragon with him."

Ding An idea popped in my head.

"Loki Almighty, my brother is insane,": I laughed.

"You barely figured that out?" said Ruff, shaking her head. "C'mon, let's go see what he's up to."

"Wait, we need to get something first."

"What is it?"

I smiled widely, "How much fish do you guys happen to have?"

* * *

><p>They say absence makes the heart grow fonder, they couldn't be more right. The moment I saw Hiccup I felt my heart leap with joy. I know that it was just a few hours but it felt like eons.<p>

"Hiccup," I shouted running up to him, careful not to drop my bag full of fish. Smiling Hiccup wrapped his arms around me the moment I reached him. We didn't say anything, we didn't have to, at that moment we knew exactly how the other felt.

"If you're planning on getting eaten, I'd take the Gronkle," said Fishlegs, interrupting our little sibling moment.

"You were wise to seek help from the world's deadliest weapon," said Tuff, Hiccup stared at him blankly. "That's me."

Snotlout pushed him out of the way, "I love this plan."

Before Hiccup could say anything Ruff slipped in between them. "You're crazy," she whispered. "I like that."

That was Astrid's cue to pull her away from her brother. "So what is the plan?"

Hiccup smiled at her before turning back to the Monstrous Nightmare cage.

This time it was different. This time they were able to see him do something amazing. This time my brother was able to tame the dragon.

Out of my peripheral I saw Snotlout bend down to pick something up. Looking down I saw that it was a broken spear.

"Don't," I said. He make a high-pitched choking sound but he still dropped it.

Slowly Hiccup lead the dragon straight to us. Calmly he grabbed Snotlout's hand bringing it towards the Nightmare.

"Wait, what are you doing?"

"I's okay," reassured Hiccup, replacing his hand on top of the dragon's snout with Snotlout's. After a second the Nightmare leaned into the touch, accepting Snotlout as his companion.

Smiling I headed to the other cages quickly opening them. Bluebird and the Gronkle were happy to be out, giving me playful licks and sniffing at my arm curiously. Mauler and Zip& Zap looked a bit weary

but they brightened right up after a few fish.

"Okay, everybody, " I called, petting Bluebird's jaw. "Who want to be next?"

"I do!" Called the twins at the same time. "I get to go first! No, I do! No, I do! No!"

Rolling my eyes I grabbed both their hands holding them out in front of Zip & Zap. "Ruff, Tuff, meet your new best friend."

Ruffnut smiled in awe as Zip dropped his head onto her opened palm. "I think I'll call you Barf," she said as gas leaked out of his mouth.

"And you can be Belch," added Tuffnut, scratching the other head's chin.

For some reason it didn't bother me that they were being renamed. This was Tuffnut's and Ruffnut's dragon now, not mine.

"Barf and Belch, it suits them," I smiled.

I turned to see the others, Hiccup was helping Fishlegs bond with the Gronkle while Astrid was slowly approaching Bluebird from behind. An odd sense of possessiveness ran through me. Maybe it was Astrid that set me off.

"Her name is Bluebird," I said firmly, patting the said dragon's side. "Don't worry, girl, she's friendly."

"I'll take your word for it," said Astrid, reaching out her hand.

"I wasn't talking to you," I giggled, softly nudging Bluebird to accept the invitation.

Crooning she let Astrid touch her jaw, eying her critically. Deeming her worthy Bluebird leaned into the touch with a happy squawk causing Astrid to giggle.

"Now let's go get some rope," I said. "You're going to need something to help you hang on."

* * *

><p>This chapter I have to say is the longest one I have written so far. I think that it's because instead of dividing it up into two chapters I kept it as one. Now we only have a few more chapters to go, The Battle, The Aftermath, The Awakening, And The Epilogue. I think I'll add Gift of the Night Fury as a bonus, what do you guys think?

**Also before I forget, I have recently been nagged at my sisters and friend as to why I don't have a cover picture. The answer is simple I want a picture of Hiccup and Snow together but I SUCK at drawing, so I'm rendered coverless. Wow, that sounded a bit dirty. Anyway could one of you guys help me out here, I would really appreciate it.

**

***Til next time, be happy, be safe, and be a good friend that likes

to give out reviews. *wink, wink* Bye~**

14. The Battle (Well, most of them)

Dun, dun, duuuuunnnnn! We are at the moment of truth people, this is the Battle scene. It's not really that long since we all know what happened and it only lasted about eight minutes. Nonetheless it's still a hard chapter to write, I don't have that much experience writing action scenes. Anyway, this chapter is written in Hiccup's point of view, then it will shift into third person for a while, hope you don't get confused.

Side note, a few people asked me who Bluebird would end up with. To my regret she ends up with Astrid. Yay me for being completely unoriginal (note the sarcasm.) Yeah, at the beginning of the story I had originally wanted her to go to Snow, but then I realized that I would be giving her Astrid's sloppy seconds, in a weird sort of way. That just didn't seem fair to Snow, so I thought that it would be best if she got her own, special dragon, even if she would get it a lot later than the other teens. Still, the Nadder's name remains Bluebird, that was what Snow named her out of love and it shall remain that way, regardless of what Astrid thinks.

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

* * *

><p>Getting to Helheims' Gate by boat takes only a day, give or take a couple of hours. Reaching the Nest once inside only takes five minutes by dragon, which converts to two hours by boat. Once reaching the Nest Dad needs to secure the perimeter and set up the weapons. That usually takes two hours, one if you're really pushing it. That would give us about twenty-eight hours to practice our flying and prepare our strategy.</p>

But Dad had a seven hour head start. And it will take us four hours to reach the Nest if we fly at a steady speed that everyone can follow. I.e. the fastest we can fly without leaving Fishlegs behind. Not to mention that also need to have a normal Viking's sleep which is about six hours. So in total we only had nine hours to practice and perfect our battle plan, plenty of time according to Snow.

The first step was the easiest, assigning everyone a dragon. The only glitch was figuring out who was going to double up. I was already doubled up with Astrid, so Snow was left to pick. There was no way in Hel that I was going to let her ride with Snotlout, even if Hookfang, the Nightmare, gave her an 'I'm really sorry' lick. There wasn't enough room on Meatlug, the Gronkle, so Fishlegs was out. I didn't even know what to think about what would happen if Snow rode with the Twins. In the end Bluebird ended up with the burden of three. Not that that was really a burden if you believe Gobber's claims on how undersized Snow and I are.

The next step was a bit trickier and that was helping them learn to fly. I wasn't surprised when Astrid was the first to get it down. She handled it just like she handled any new weapon, with confidence and determination. Fishlegs did a very good, only that he was too hesitant when directing Meatlug. Snotlout and the Twins did a rather decent, though I suspect the Twins would be a lot better if they

didn't fight so much. Snow had the time of her life, riding every dragon just because she wanted to and they didn't mind, especially Bluebird. That made me wonder which dragon she would choose for own. Granted Snow wouldn't mind sharing Toothless with me, but that might get inconvenient later on.

The hard part was figuring out a way to defeat the Queen. That had me stumped. How do you stop a beast that is more than a thousand times your size? Snow told me that I shouldn't worry about how large the Queen was or what I didn't know about her. That instead I should focus on what I already knew about dragons and see how I could use it to our advantage. So rather than focusing on how to defeat a humongous dragon I should just focus on how to down a deadly dragon in general.

The moment those words left her mouth and idea popped into my head. Gods, I love Snow. She was like a little filter for my thoughts. Pretty soon I had a plan figured out that seemed likely to succeed.

* * *

><p>All of that was yesterday and now we were perched on top of our dragon, the Nest just ahead of us. Deep down I prayed that we'd get there in time.</p>

"Hiccup look!" shouted Snotlout, pointing to the beach in front of us. The shore was littered with burning ships, one of which I knew had Toothless on board. The Queen was out of the Nest, looking completely enraged. Down below at her feet, were Dad and Gobber, trying to keep her attention from the large group of Vikings leaving the area.

"Snotlout, get its attention," I shouted as the monstrous creature began to draw in a deep breath. The shot hit its head, catching her by surprise. We flew over towards it, making sure that it was focused solely on us.

"Fishlegs, break it down."

"Heavily armored skull and tail, meant for bashing, avoid both," he answered in rapid fire. "Small eyes and large nostrils, it relies on hearing and smell."

I nodded, it was time to get to work, "Legs, Lout, find its blind spot, try to get it confused. Ruff, Tuff, see if it has a shot limit, make it mad."

"Can do," answered Ruffnut. "That's my specialty."

"No, it's not. Everyone knows I'm more annoying," Tuffnut turned his dragon's head upside down to prove his point. "See,"

"Just do what you're told," scolded Snow.

With a nod all of them flew towards the head of the Queen. Quickly I directed Bluebird towards the burning ships, searching for any sign of Toothless.

"There," said Astrid pointing to a ship down below us. In it was

Toothless, struggling to break free of his bonds. Handing the reins over to Astrid, Snow and I jumped down on to the burning ship.

"Go help the others," I told her before pulling the strap off of Toothless' muzzle. "Hang on, bud, we'll get you out of here."

As fast as we could Snow and I worked at getting rid of the chains and yoke. The chains were bolted down tight into the platform, making it especially hard even with Snow's strength.

"Eeek," she yelped as a burning mast fell down close to her.

"Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm- look out!"

Looking up I saw the Queen's foot heading toward us. It hit the front of the boat, bringing us down underwater. It disoriented me for a second but once I managed to see straight I was able to catch a glimpse of Toothless sinking to the bottom.

Kicking my feet frantically I swam toward him, yanking desperately at the chains once I had reached them. Next to me Snow was doing the same, alternating between pulling on the chain and kicking at where it was bolted down.

Soon I felt my lungs begin to burn and my vision began to get blurry. I looked over at Snow, her cheeks were beginning to turn plum colored. She met my gaze, defiance burning deep in her eyes. '_I'm not leaving him,'_ they seem to say. I nodded, yanking hard on the chains but my head started to swim and my arms got heavy. Before I could stop it, darkness swept over my eyes.

Suddenly I felt myself getting pulled through the water and onto the surface. My lung shouted in delight as a rush of air filled them. I coughed out any water I might have swallowed.

"Dad?" I said to the figure that dove back into the water.

"I don't believe it," whispered Snow, looking deep at spot where he had disappeared.

For several seconds nothing happened. The water was completely still, the opposite of what was happening on land. Then a black figure broke through the surface bringing a tall Viking along with him.

Toothless dropped Dad down beside us before landing himself. Shaking the water off himself he crooned for us to get on.

"You've got it, bud," I said, climbing on top of him.

"Let's get this done," added Snow, hooking herself onto the saddle.

"Snow, are-" I began.

"Don't even start Hiccup," she interrupted, squaring her shoulders to let me know that she wasn't going to back down. "You are not going to leave me behind. I'm going to stand right beside you, whether you like it or not?"

I smiled brightly at her words.

"Okay," I nodded, but before we could take off a hand stopped me.

"Wait, son," began Dad, looking at me with guilty eyes. "I just want to- I'm sorry, for everything."

"Yeah, me too," I admitted. There were so many things that were my fault as well, that it didn't feel right to let him take all the blame.

Dad looked up at the Queen, "You don't have to do this."

"We're Vikings, it's an occupational hazard," I sent him a reassuring smile.

"I want you to know that I'm proud to call you my son, and daughter," he said, his expression pleading when he looked at Snow.

My heart soared and broke at the same time. I was so happy to hear those words from Dad, especially now that they were directed towards the real me. But I was heartbroken at Snow's silent rejection of Dad. She refused to look at him, scowling deeply. Despite how long Dad and I had gone, he and Snow have even farther to go.

"Thanks, Dad," I said for the both of us, signaling Toothless to take off.

Once we were up, everyone else began to get away from the Queen. Breathing in deep, she began to suck in Bluebird and Astrid towards her mouth. Toothless dove towards the Queen shooting a plasma blast at its mouth. The blast knocked her head to the side and Astrid off of Bluebird. We raced to catch her in time.

"Did he get her?" I asked loudly.

Snow peeked over Toothless' side, "Yup, he got her."

Hovering over the ground Toothless dropped Astrid gently onto the beach before heading off towards the Queen.

"Hiccup, it's got wings," Snow pointed at the lumps of folded skin resting at its side.

"Let's see if it can use them," I said signaling Toothless to shot at her side, earning outraged roars.

"You think that did it?"

"That did it," said Snow, her eyes wide as the beast rose up. It's large, underused wings beating loudly behind us.

"Alright, bud, time to disappear," Toothless flew straight into the clouds up above.

The Queen fell for our trap, following us right into the dark cloud bank. It looked around angrily once it lost sight of us. Taking advantage of our cover we attacked her repeatedly with plasma blasts,

aiming mainly at her wings. Soon she lost her patience shooting long streams of fire all around her.

"Times up, Hiccup," shouted Snow. Looking back I saw that the artificial tailfin was on fire.

"Let's finish this," I said, signaling Toothless to fly us directly in front of the Queen. "C'mon, is that the best you've got!"

"Catch us if you can, devil," taunted Snow, before Toothless dove down towards the ground.

It took the bait, diving right after us. Its mouth stretched wide open, eager to gobble us up. The tailfin was starting to burn faster, making it difficult to steer.

"Hold on, Toothless," I said as a tell-tale hiss reached my ears.
"Say when, Snow."

"Now," she called a second later.

Turning quickly Toothless shot a plasma blast right into the Queen's mouth. Instantly the green gas within her mouth lit up. If that wasn't enough to surprise her, we had just broken through the clouds, allowing us to see the ground just ahead. Toothless maneuvered over the Queen as she hit the ground, her tattered wings unable to slow down her fall, instead they tore up faster.

"Hiccup, the tailfin," called Snow. Peering behind us I saw what she meant. The tailfin was ruined its leather was completely burned off leaving only the charred holding rods. '_Damn._' This was awful we couldn't change directions like I had hoped we could. Our only hope was to fly upwards as fast as we could to avoid the flames.

"C'mon, bud, we can make it," I encouraged, pushing him to go faster. We were almost in the clear. Suddenly the Queen's club like tail came into view, heading straight for us.

I quickly turned around, wrapping my arms around Snow. She held on tight to my neck in turn. Seconds later I felt it, the tail had crashed into Toothless, knocking us off of him. The force of the impact accidentally made me knock my forehead against Snow's. And then everything went black.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup, Snowstorm," shouted Stoick, making his way through the smoky remains of the battlefield. "Kids, where are you?"</p>

Slowly the smoke began to clear, giving him a clear view of the damage around him. Eying the scene frantically Stoick finally found what he was searching for. There, just ahead of him, was a large black form lying on its side. He raced towards the fallen Night Fury, praying to every god he knew that his children were ok. When he reached him, however, all he got was an empty saddle.

"Oh, my babes," he moaned in grief sinking to his knees. "I did this."

A low groan came from the Night Fury, temporarily bringing Stoick's

attention away from his guilt and despair. Slowly, almost as if in pain, the Night Fury blinked his eyes open until they finally landed on the man in front of him. Stoick stared deep into the dragon's toxic green eyes, they were guarded but he could see sadness and guilt within them.

"I'm sorry," said Stoick, admitting his faults to the dragon he had openly despised not long ago. "I'm so sorry."

The Night Fury looked at him curiously after his confession before slowly unwrapping his wings from his body. And there, tucked safely in his paws were two small children, whose arms were wrapped around one another.

"Hiccup, Snow," exclaimed Stoick pulling them into his arms. They made no signs of awakening when he touched their faces. Frightened he pressed his ear against their chests one at a time, a smile growing on his face as he heard the tell-tale thump of their hearts beating.

"They're alive, he brought them back alive," she shouted in joy, relief washing over him. Behind him, the crowd of Vikings erupted in cheers, glad that their heroes were still with them.

Stoick placed a gentle hand on top of Toothless' head, "Thank you, for saving my children."

"Well, you know, most of them," commented Gobber standing beside him.

Raising an eyebrow Stoick looked down at his children once more. His face turned pale when he saw Hiccup's lower half. His left leg was torn and bloody. It had deep gashes all the way from his calf to his ankle, as if something had bit down into his leg and pulled hard. Stoick looked up at the dragon in front of him; his eyes were downcast filled with guilt and shame.

"He's alive, that's all the matters," said Stoick, slightly surprised that he was reassuring a dragon. "I'd rather have a son with just one good leg than no son at all."

"That's heartwarming and all Stoick," interrupted Gobber. "But we really should treat that leg now. It'd be pointless if we let Hiccup die of blood loss."

Stoick nodded, passing his son to awaiting arms of the other Viking, "Do what you need to and please hurry."

* * *

><p>The plus side of being a battle oriented race was that several of their warriors were skilled at treating critical wounds, even with shortages of medical supplies. Once Hiccup's leg was washed off its blood and actually seen clearly, it was obvious that stitches and cauterizing wouldn't be enough, the damage was just too deep. As much as it pained Stoick Hiccup's leg had to be amputated, just below the knee per Astrid Hofferson's insistence.</p>

Stoick was a man raised during a war and he has seen his fair share of amputations, he even assisted in several, but to have it done to

his son was a completely different thing. The **Thunk** of the well-aimed axe as it severed his son's leg made his ears ring, forever engraving the sound into his mind. The smell of burning flesh as Hiccup's leg, well stump now, was cauterized made him feel light headed and queasy. In all his years as a warrior never before did Stoick want to spill his guts as much as he did right then.

The only consolation that he had at the moment was that Snow was unharmed. Save for the small cut on her temple were judging from the well-place lumps Hiccup's forehead had hit her, and a desperate need to change the bandages on her arm, she was alright.

Not that the more pressing matters were dealt with Stoick had to figure out how to get his people back home. All their ships were ruined, burnt to crisps, and those who weren't too badly burn were in pieces. They could fix them of course but without the proper tools that would take days, maybe a week, and that was something Stoick couldn't risk. If they stayed here too long Hiccup might get an infection, a thing that was potentially deadly even with the proper medicine.

Stoick sighed as he down looked at his unconscious children, he need to find a way to send for help back to Berk. He winced, feeling a head ache coming on.

"Excuse me, sir?" came a steady voice behind him.

Turning around he was the rest of the teenagers standing nervously in front of him. Well most of them, the Hofferson girl stood straight and confident.

"What is it that you need?" He asked, his voice coming out clipped.

"Well, sir, we were wondering if you would allow us to go get help," answered Astrid.

"Considering the fact that we might be stuck here for days if we don't," added Fishlegs, fidgeting nervously when he looked at him.

"And how do you plan on doing that?"

Astrid blinked up at him, "With our dragons, sir."

Mentally Stoick smacked himself upside his head. How could he have forgotten that they had gotten here by riding their dragons?

He nodded, "Very well, you five may go get help but you are going to have to take some adults along. No offense to you children but I doubt that anyone would believe you if you got there on your own. I will get a couple of volunteers and you can leave soon after."

"Thank you, sir," said Astrid as the rest of the teens smiled in excitement. When they began to leave Snotlout turned towards Astrid.

"Hey, is Bluebird even yours?"

Stoick winced at the sharp look the blond girl sent his nephew. "Of course she's my dragon. Why wouldn't she be?"

"Well, she does seem close with Snowstorm," commented Fishlegs.

Astrid huffed, "That's only because Snowstorm befriended her sooner, but Bluebird is still my dragon. Snowstorm has Toothless."

"Which she had to share with her brother," grumbled Ruffnut.

"So? You share Barf and Belch with your brother. I doubt that Snowstorm would mind sharing with Hiccup."

After that they were too far away for Stoick to hear them, but he knew that that conversation wasn't over. Shaking his head he looked back at his children, Toothless was lying down by their feet. But Stoick knew that he was completely alert, ready to protect them if needed. Reassured that his children were in good hands, er, claws Stoick went off to look for volunteers.

* * *

><p>I'm going to leave the rest up to your imaginations, since I couldn't find a better place to stop. Yeah, Hiccup still lost his leg in this story and I'm okay with that. It shows just how strong Hiccup truly is in being able to lose a vital part of himself and not letting that slow him down. Snow doesn't take it that well, however, but that's for next time.

If Astrid sounded a bit mean, remember she's gone through a stressful situation, not as stressful as Stoick however. And she's annoyed that everyone just assumes that Bluebird will automatically belong to Snow, leaving **her dragon-less. It's Ok though, I'm planning on making Snow's dragon the coolest there is, after Toothless of course. **

***Til then be happy, be safe, and be thankful. Bye~**

15. Meeting for the First

Hey, it's flashback time! Sorry to disappoint but this is not the next scene in the story, but I felt we were overdue for some cute kiddy scenes. This, my friends, is how Snow met her brother and the rest of the crew for the first time.

Disclaimer: Nothing is within my copy rights expect for sweet baby Snow. Hahaha, DreamWorks eat your heart out.

* * *

><p>It had taken a week for the storm to finally pass, giving Stoick and Valhallarama plenty of time to enjoy their new baby girl. Her name was Snowstorm Coughing Haddock; it seemed befitting considering the circumstances in which she was born. By the end of the week Stoick was getting antsy, impatient to finally present his baby girl to his village. Val was just as anxious but for a completely different reason.<p>

She was worried about how Hiccup would react to his new sibling. She had seen children absolutely detest their younger siblings the moment they were born, sometimes while they were still in the womb, completely put off with the idea of having to share their parent's attention. Sure Hiccup was thrilled at the idea of having a sibling when she was pregnant, hugging and kissing her round belly every single day, to let the baby know who it's older brother was. But Val couldn't help but worry that Hiccup might just change his mind once the baby was born. It broke her heart at the thought of her sweet little Hiccup hating his little sister, her beautiful baby girl.

The only person who wasn't even bothered with the upcoming events was the baby herself. To many she seemed like a quiet, docile child content on sleeping among her blanket of furs, waking only when hungry or wet. The only problem was that she had high expectations of her parents. If she was hungry then she had better be feed within her first cry. If she wanted to take a nap then everything had better be quite for her to do so.

This only added to Valhallarama's worries, knowing full well that she wouldn't be able give Hiccup her full attention and take care of Snowstorm. Thankfully she had husband and her in-laws to help her out, let's just hope that Gunndis didn't get too attached to her child. That woman had such narrow hips that it was a miracle that she was able to have Snotlout.

Stoick was unaware of his wife's turmoil focusing instead on his daughter. It amazed him how much she resembled Hiccup when he was born and yet was so different at the same time. They both had thick downy hair, though Hiccup's was brown and straight while Snowstorm's was bright red and curly. They both had pale complexions but Hiccup's cheeks were littered with freckles and Snowstorm's had a rosy hue. Both their eyes shifted to green after they were born, however Hiccup's were deep and dark like Berk's forest during the summer and Snowstorm's were a soft pale green much like the color of sea foam.

The one thing that didn't differ was the intelligent gleam in his children's eyes, constantly observing the world around them. It was a look that now knowing what it brought gave Stoick a small feeling of apprehension. This child would be a world of trouble even without her teaming up with Hiccup.

"It's time," said Val bringing him out of his thoughts. "The village is waiting."

* * *

><p>The Great Hall was filled with villagers all of them eager to see the latest arrival of their village. None, however, could be more excited than little Hiccup H, Haddock the Third. The boy could not talk about anything else for the past few days, leading him earn several punches from his extremely annoyed and slightly jealous cousin, Snotlout.</p>

"Hey, Gobber," called Hiccup, tugging on the hooked hand of his father's best friend to get his attention.

"What is it, lad?" asked Gobber, giving the boy a playful

grin.

"What do you think the baby's name is?"

"I don't know, but knowing that father of yours you can bet that it'll be something that'll keep all the trolls away," he answered ruffling the little boy's hair.

"Hey, Gobber, do you think Mommy and Daddy still love me?"

Caught off guard Gobber stared down at the child, hating the somber expression on his little face. It was obvious that this had been eating at the boy for a while.

"Why would you think about something like that?"

Hiccup looked down at his feet, "Lout said that Mommy and Daddy won't love me anymore 'cause of the new baby. He said that they'll love the baby more."

"Now you listen here," said Gobber making his tone serious to ensure that Hiccup would listen. "Your mom and dad love you very much and nothing will ever make them stop loving you. Not even a new baby, you understand?"

Hiccup smile, obviously relieved, "Yeah, thanks Gobber."

Suddenly the Great Hall doors opened, revealing the village Chieftain and his wife, who had a thick bundle of furs in her arms. They were both wearing thick winter coats on their back and proud looks on their faces. Hiccup beamed at the sight of his parent's, he had missed them so much the past couple of days especially his Mommy.

It didn't take long for both warriors to reach their son, smiling lovingly down at him as they did so. Hiccup ran up to hug his parents, doing the best he could wrap his tiny arms around both their legs. Unable to contain himself Stoick quickly lifted his son into his arms, giving him a gentle squeeze before settling him on his shoulder.

"Mommy is that the baby?" asked Hiccup pointing to the bundle of furs in her arms.

"Yes, it is Hiccup," answered his mother removing the top fold of the blanket to reveal a tiny sleeping baby wearing a dark wool cap. "This is your sister."

"Wow," breathed Hiccup mesmerized. "She's so pretty and tiny."

"My people of Berk," called Stoick to the crowd around them. "I would like to present to you my daughter, Snowstorm Coughing Haddock."

The loud cheers that engulfed the Great Hall brought pride to Stoick's heart. Carefully he set Hiccup down on the bench were his wife had sat down in, that way he could look at the baby as much as he wanted without having to look over his father's head as he accepted congratulations.

"What a pretty little lass you've got there Stoick, are you sure she's yours?" joked Gobber. Stoick laughed, pulling his

battle-brother into a head lock.

"Of course, she's mine, you two-faced troll, she's just got her looks."

Rolling her eyes at her husband's antics, Val was happy to see Hiccup smile warmly down at his sister, relieved that all her worrying had been for nothing.

"Look, Mommy, she's waking up."

Sure enough, pale green eyes blinked open looking curiously around the room as they began to focus. When they landed on Hiccup's darker ones Val almost melted at the look of absolute adoration that spread across her son's face.

"Hello, Snow, I'm your big brother, Hiccup," said the young boy waving a small hand in front of her face. He let out surprised giggle when Snow's own hand grabbed it, wrapping her chubby little fingers around his index one.

"Look, Mommy, she likes me," exclaimed Hiccup, a wide grin spreading across his face

"Hiccup," called a small voice, effortlessly breaking the moment.

Looking up both saw the young Astrid Hofferson making her way towards them. Her head was held high and her back was straight with confidence. She was flanked by her equally blond and proud older brothers, Thorki and Annar; both pre-teens were amused by their sister's attitude.

"Hi, Astrid," said Hiccup excitedly, climbing down the bench to stand next to his friend. "This is my new sister."

Feeling generous, Valhallarama bent down allowing the blond girl to get a good look at her daughter. Astrid looked down at the baby with a critical eye, trying to decide whether she was worth her approval.

"Would you look at her? Skin as white as freshly fallen snow," complimented Thorki. "You sure did pick fitting name, Mrs. Haddock."

"Thank you, Thorki."

"Isn't she pretty Astrid?" asked Hiccup.

"She's cute, but really tiny," she answered, poking at the baby's cheek.

Before either brother or Valhallarama could reproach the young girl, Snow grabbed onto her finger just like she did with her brother earlier. Astrid frowned as she tried to pull her finger away, only to have Snow tighten her grip to the point it became uncomfortable.

"She's strong, though," said Astrid, after Val had unwrapped Snow's hand from her finger, smiling at the infant for the first time.

"Her mother's looks and her father's strength, Chief Stoick is going to have a hard time keeping the suitors away from this one," said Annar.

"Don't even mention suitors in front of my husband, boy, we wouldn't want him to have a heart attack," joked Val, picturing her husband's enraged face at the thought of any one trying to wed his daughter.

"Valhallarama," called her sister-in-law, Gunndis, walking up to her with her son, Snotlout, in hand.

"Hello, there Gunndis," greeted Val.

"What a sweet little lamb," cooed Gunndis, eying the little girl with envy.

"Look Lout, this is Snow, she's so pretty," said Hiccup calling his cousin's attention.

"She's strong too," added Astrid with pride, as if Snowstorm were her sister instead of Hiccup's.

Snotlout looked at the baby with distaste. He couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. He especially couldn't understand why his mother would rather pay attention to it instead of him. It wasn't handsome or special like he was, it was just wrinkly, pudgy, and pink, like a piglet.

"She's not special," grumbled Snotlout, shocking everyone within range. "It's ugly, like a piggy."

Smack

Snotlout cupped his cheek, trying to hold back tears. Hiccup had slapped him.

"You big liar, Lout," Hiccup cried out in rage. "Snow's not ugly, she's pretty!"

"Like a princess," added Astrid standing her ground next to Hiccup.

Looking up to his mother for support Snotlout was met with a chastising glare instead.

"I'm so sorry, Val," apologized Gunndis, grabbing her son's hand tightly, silently letting him know how disappointed she was with him.

"It's alright, Gunndis, no hard feelings," assured Val, smiling at her son with pride. He was still glaring at his cousin for insulting his sister. With a tight smile Gunndis walked off towards her husband's side taking her son with her.

Valhallarama smiled fondly down as her daughter as she sucked her chubby little fist. "What a wonderful older brother you've been blessed with child."

That sweet mother-daughter moment was interrupted by the arrival of the village's infamous twins. Val sighed as the children ran up to her, pushing one another along the way. Hazel might be a simple seamstress, but she was braver than any warrior when it came to raising those two.

"Move it stupid," said the female twin pushing at her brother.

"You're stupid," he snapped pulling at one of the many colorful ribbons on her braids. She hissed smacking him across the mouth.

"Ow, that hurt," whined Tuffnut letting go of her hair.

"Good," smiled Ruffnut, before turning her attention back to the woman in front of her. "Is that the baby?"

"Yup, this is Snow, isn't she pretty?" answered Hiccup.

Ruffnut stood on her tippy-toes to get a better look at the baby. Snowstorm continued to suck on her fist, unimpressed with the girl in front of her.

"It's a girl?" asked Ruffnut, eying the footed woolen bodysuit the baby was wearing. "Why isn't she wearing a dress?"

Val laughed, surprised by the little girl's question. She had not been expecting that, the Thorston twins were known for their violent nature and insulting comments.

"It's because it's too cold for her to wear a dress," explained Val. "We don't want her to get sick."

"Is that why she's wearing a cap?"

Before Valhallarama could answer she was cut off by the male twin.

"Don't be stupid, it's because she's bald."

Hiccup huffed, indignant, "She's not bald, Tuff, right Mommy?"

"No, she isn't," answered his mother pulling the woolen cap off the infant's head. It was much too warm for her to wear it anyway. "See?"

All the children stared in awe at the baby's red, downy curls, they were small and tight barely the width of their fingers.

"Whoa, it's really curly," said Astrid. "How come you don't have curly hair, Hiccup?"

"Cause mine's straight like Daddy's and Snow's curly like Mommy's."

Val was proud at her son's wise explanation; any other child would have thrown a fit at the unfairness of nature.

"What are you doing, Ruff?" asked Tuffnut as his twin pulled a blue

ribbon from one of her braids. Ignoring her brother she wrapped the ribbon twice around the infant's head, tying it off in a child's equivalent of a knot. It was sloppy and some of it slipped over Snowstorm's eyes but the female twin didn't seem to mind.

"There," she said. "Now you look like a girl."

"Thanks, Ruff," beamed Hiccup. "She looks bootiful."

"Aye, she does," agreed Val pulling the ribbon out of her daughter's face. Snowstorm sent her a slobbery smile in return.

* * *

><p>Three months later, Fishlegs finally met Snowstorm. Since his mother was overprotective she refused to let him outside during devastating winter, only letting him out once the thaw began.</p>

Snowstorm was sitting on a blanket just outside her house, playing contently with her brother as their mother did the laundry. Eager to finally see the baby that everyone was talking about Fishleg's raced towards them, accidentally tripping on one of Hiccup's blocks. The poor boy fell onto the mud, covering half his face from cheekbone to chin. At the sight of the blond boy and what seemed to be a makeshift boy Snowstorm squealed in delight, earning giggles from the other two boys.

From then on Fishleg's always shared his treats with the red-headed child, who never failed to find him entertaining.

* * *

><p>Seven months later.

It was happening again. That itch at the back of her mind was starting to appear. Her need to go out and see the world, to have adventures, to taste the sea air on her tongue, was getting the best of her. It felt wrong to have to need to go out questing while her children were still young. With Hiccup she hadn't felt that itch until after he had turned one, but with Snowstorm it was starting to appear a lot sooner.

Everyday Val felt guilt and shame. She felt guilt whenever she caught herself daydreaming about sailing out on the open sea when she had her children to take care of. The shame followed soon after, what kind of mother thought that questing was more important than the well-being of her own children?

Val sighed as she took a set at one of the Great Hall's main tables before setting her daughter down at the floor next to her, that way the child could play without a fuss. The frost had come not too long ago, but they hadn't been able to fill up all the storage houses. They were going to have to send extra hunting and fishing trips that year. Idly Val wondered if she would be able to join.

'_Stop that!_ ' She berated herself_. 'You have Hiccup and Snowstorm to look after._'

Looking down at the floor she saw that her daughter was still

babbling happily at her stuffy, a dark blue skrill doll that her father had bought from Trader Johann. It was Snow's favorite toy, she never went anywhere without it. Val smiled down at her daughter, proud of what an independent and strong child she was growing up to be. Sure, she was fussy and demanding as a newborn but as she got older she became mellow, like Hiccup. Though, it wasn't to say that she wasn't without her mischievous side, the moment she began to crawl it was a challenge to keep her out of everything.

"Such a mischief maker," cooed Val, drawing her daughter's attention. Snowstorm smiled at her mother, showing of four tiny square teeth, two on each jaw. Grabbing hold of the bench Snowstorm pulled herself to a stand, beaming proudly as she did so.

"What a strong girl," praised Val clapping in delight. That was the third time that Snowstorm has successfully pulled herself to a stand, and it had yet to lose its wonder.

"There they are, my two favorite girls," called a loud voice.

Looking up Valhallarama saw her husband walking up to them, their three-year-old son in tow. Snowstorm let out a loud squeal at the sight of them, bouncing on her feet.

"You're standing again, Snow," said Hiccup with joy. "You're such a smart baby."

At that Hiccup stretched out his hands, preparing to hug his baby sister when he reached her. Just when he was a few feet away from her something amazing happened, Snowstorm had let go of the bench. Caught up in her excitement her little boot covered feet began to move, closing the gap between her and her brother.

"She walked! Did you see that Mommy? Snow walked," exclaimed Hiccup, hugging his sister tight. "Can you believe it Daddy? Snow can walk now!"

Laughing in joy Stoick scooped up both his children into his arms, kissing each of their chubby cheeks playfully. "Aye, I do. Odin above, we have such clever babes, don't we Val?"

"Aye, we do," she agreed, standing up to give her love a peck on the lips.

' _Maybe a bit too clever,' _her mind wondered.

* * *

><p>Fun fact: babies on average can learn to walk when they are between 8 and 15 months old. It's in an a chapter on Child Development in my Psychology textbook if you guys don't believe me.

Ok, so in my mind Hiccup learned to talk (9 months) and read (26 months) sooner than any of his peers, while Snow learned to sit up (3 months) and walk (10 months) before any of them. They are both extremely intelligent children but in totally different categories, so it's not fair to compare them.

**As for Valhallarama, well, she suffers from wonder's lust, making it difficult for her to stay in one place for too long. I'm not excusing her behavior. I have personally seen the damage that can be done to a child when a parent or both are not a constant presence in their lives. Let me tell you it's heartbreaking. I am merely explaining why she did what she did. **

As to why the 'itch' got there sooner, that's because Snow wasn't as sickly as Hiccup when he was an infant, making Val feel like she wasn't as need around. Not to mention Snow was a complete and utter Daddy's girl, forever preferring her father's arms.

Did I make you feel warm and fussy inside? Did I break your heart by painting you a picture of how happy their family used to be? If so please tell me. Remember people reviews are love, and I really need some love right about now.

'**Til next time be happy, be loving, and be faithful. Bye~**

16. To Forgive But Never Forget

You guys have absolutely no idea how hard it was to write this chapter. I tried to make it heartfelt and emotional but not too much. Snow and Stoick finally have a long needed discussion, it's not as long as it should be and they don't go over what they need to but for their first discussion I think it's pretty good.

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

* * *

><p>It's so dark. Why was it so dark? Where am I?

Falling, I remember falling. Then it was dark, so dark, and lonely. I am alone.

NO, I don't like being alone. Being alone hurts. It's scary, not safe. What's safe?

Brother. Brother is safe. Brother is warm. Where is brother? Brother, where are you?

Brother!? Brother!? BROTHER?!

"Brother," I whispered opening my eyes. Light shone directly into them, making them burn. I winced pulling myself up off my bed. Everything was sore, my arms, my legs, and my head. Gods, my head felt fuzzy. I clutched it holding onto the bedpost to keep from swaying, where was I anyway?

Blinking away the dizziness I looked around the room. I was in my house, why was I in my house?

I was in the middle of what I think was the sitting room. Everything was shifted around and it was dark. The only thing illuminating the room was the slowly dying fire in the pit. I blinked rapidly, trying to adjust to the contradicting light, gods it hurt. Everything was covered in shadows making it hard to make out what was what. Across from me was what might me another bed. Between us was a chair with

something or someone in it. At the feet of the bed was a large dark mass laying down on the floor. It looked familiar, where had I seen it before?

"Brother," I called again, taking a step forward. That was a mistake, my legs were unable to support my weight, making me fall onto the floor with a soft *thump*.

The black mass jerked awake, rising to his feet. Soon I was face to face with deep penetrating toxic green eyes. I knew those eyes.

"Toothless," I breathed, reaching out towards him. He crooned, dropping his head down into my arms. I sighed, letting my head rest against his snout. Instantly a rush of warmth swept through me, making me feel safe and secure. I breathed in deep, taking in the dark, spicy scent that was dragon breath.

"Where's Hiccup?" I asked, listening to the deep purrs he rumbled as he nuzzled my chest.

Toothless lifted his head, looking over at bed across from us.

"Oh. Could you help me get to him?"

Toothless nodded. Slowly I rose to my feet leaning on Toothless for support. We shuffled across the room towards Hiccup. I glanced over at the chair as we passed it. In it was Stoick, head resting on his chest and snoring softly. My heart clenched at the sight of him, but with what I didn't know.

Finally we reached Hiccup. I let go of Toothless resting my hands on the bed to keep me steady. I leaned in close to get a good look at his face. He had a couple scratches and faint bruising but that wasn't what unsettled me. He was deathly pale and there was sweat on his brow. I touched his cheek, he was burning up.

Hastily I pulled the covers off him to cool him off. I gasped at what I saw. There, where my brother's left foot should be was nothing. All there was is a tightly wrapped stump below his knee. I bit down on my knuckles to keep from crying out loud. A metallic taste filled my mouth; I had broken through the skin. After several seconds I felt myself safe to talk without breaking into sobs.

"He has an infection," I told Toothless. "He needs to burn it out, could you get blanket from my bed please? And try not to wake Stoick."

Toothless nodded, creeping towards my bed and pulling off its covers with his mouth. Just as stealthy he dragged it back to me. I gave him a soft scratch on the chin before pulling it over Hiccup along with the original one. Once both covers were securely on him I climbed underneath them, curling up next to him.

"Please get better soon, Hicca," I whispered in his ear. "I need you."

I didn't say anything after that. Instead I rested my head on his shoulder, ignoring the tears slowly running down my face.

* * *

><p>I felt something nudging my shoulder. I clenched my eyes tight not wanting to open them. The nudging continued more insistent this time.<p>

"Wake up lass, you need to eat," said a deep familiar voice.

Slowly I blinked my eyes open. My head still hurt making my vision blurry for a second. I was still lying next to Hiccup, his brow was still sweaty but he looked less pale and sickly. I touched his cheek it was still warm but not alarmingly so. Satisfied that my brother was relatively fine, I turned towards the person who had woken me up.

Looking down at me with a mixed expression was Stoick. He looked both nostalgic and worried, if that was possible. In his hand was a steaming bowl of something I could not identify but smelled great. My stomach rumbled loudly, making him chuckle.

"You've been unconscious for five days now, so I figured you might be hungry," he offered me the bowl.

I sat up taking the bowl from him with a nod. It was an odd shade of white with a rather lumpy texture. I gathered a small spoonful, cooling down a little before placing it in my mouth. To my surprise it was porridge, though it was watered down and rather bland.

"Too hot?" asked Stoick noticing my scowl.

>"Too bland," I answered. "Hiccup always adds a drop of honey to make sure I finish."<p>

"Oh, I see."

I ignored his expression it was too guilty and sad. It made it hard for me to hate him properly. I looked around the room noting that the one being that I did want to be with wasn't there.

"Where's Toothless?"

"Your Night Fury? He's outside eating, along with the other dragons."

"Other dragons?" absentmindedly I found myself eating the mild porridge.

"Yes, after the battle with the Green Death, your friends along with a couple adults went to get help back on Berk."

I raised an eyebrow, "Green Death?"

"The Queen, it was Gobber's idea."

"Ah, continue."

"So after the boats came to pick us up four days ago, the dragon's from the Nest followed us back. It seems like they are grateful for the defeat of the Green Death and not one really knew how to tell them not to follow us, or was willing to try."

"Is the village down in flames yet?"

He chuckled as what he thought was a joke, it wasn't. "No, the dragons are rather well-behaved. As long as no one provokes them they tend to be harmless."

I sent him a condescending look. That piece of information was old to me.

"We, um, converted the Grand Torches into feeding pens for them," he said catching my look. "Your friend Fishlegs suggested it actually."

I nodded, touching Hiccup's cheek. His mouth twitched but he made no signs of waking up. From the sound of it my brother had actually done it. He had ended a three hundred year old war and had brought peace between dragons and Vikings, but at what price?

"How did he lose it?" I asked handing Stoick the half empty porridge bowl.

"How did how lose what?"

I scowled at him, "You know very well what I mean."

Stoick tensed, figuring out what I was talking about, "What do you remember?"

"Falling off of Toothless and fire," I took a deep breath trying to keep the feeling of panic from rising up my throat. "I remember there being so much fire and then everything going dark."

Stoick sighed, "When you two fell your dragon had to grab onto something to pull the two of you back towards him. The only thing he could reach was his leg."

I felt the air being knocked out of my lungs at those words. My ears began to ring, drowning out everything except Stoick's words. It couldn't be true. Gods please don't let it be true.

"We did the best we could to save it but the damage was too great. The muscle was shredded all the way down to the bone. We had no choice but amputate it or else risk Hiccup bleeding out."

My breath choked on my throat, making me gasp. I shook my head, not wanting to believe Stoick's words, of what they implied. No, I didn't believe him. It wasn't true. It can't be true.

"You're lying," I said shaking my head. "Toothless would never- he'd never- it's not his fault."

Stoick placed a comforting hand on my shoulder. The skin underneath my tunic burned where his hand touched. "I know this is a lot to process, Snowstorm, but it's the truth. Toothless-"

"No, no, no!" I said, pushing his hand off me. "Stop lying, just stop it! It's not Toothless' fault, quit blaming him!"

"I'm not lying, Snowstorm, you know that," he said firmly, reaching for me once more.

"No, you're lying, I know you are," I shrieked, scrambling to get away from him. I ended up on my feet, clutching the stairs. "It's not his fault, Toothless didn't do anything. It's not his fault!"

"Snowstorm you need to calm down," He stood up. "I know it's hard to believe but-"

"Shut up, just shut up!" I screamed trying to drown out his words. I couldn't breathe, I needed to get out. I needed to get away from him, from his lies.

The door burst open, I saw my chance. I ran past whoever had opened the door, ignoring Stoick's cries for me to come back.

* * *

><p>Everything burnt, I couldn't breathe. My arms, my legs, my head, they were all on fire. But I couldn't stop; I had to get away, away from Stoick, from his lies, from everything. Finally I couldn't go any further, collapsing on the ground.</p>

Gods, it hurt, everything hurt. I was in agony everything hurt so much, my heart, my lungs, my throat. I was choking, that was it. I was choking, that's why I couldn't breathe. I clawed at my throat trying to get it out, whatever it was. I needed it out, I needed to breathe. My fingers quickly became wet and sticky, as hot liquid dripped down my throat soaking into my tunic.

Then strong arms were on me, pulling me up, pinning my arms, holding me still. No, no, no, let me go! I couldn't breathe, I was choking. I needed to breathe. I was choking, I was choking. Gods, why wouldn't they let me go? I needed to breathe.

Someone started screaming. It was strangled and it hurt to hear it. There was so much pain in that scream, almost as if someone's heart was being ripped right out of them. There was also sadness too. It was filled with so much despair, the kind that could only happen when one's own soul was being broken. Gods, make stop. Please make the screaming stop. I couldn't stand it, I couldn't stand the sound.

I bit down on my tongue, trying to focus on something other than the screaming. Blood pooled into my mouth, some of it dripping down my lips, but the screaming had stopped.

Someone was talking to me now, but I couldn't figure out who it was. It sounded soothing and worried, but I didn't like the sound. It made me feel angry, so angry. And sad, the voice made me feel so sad and lonely. I tried to cover my ears to drown out the sound, but I couldn't my arms were still pinned. I groaned, causing more blood to spill out of my mouth. Someone please make them stop, please make all the sounds go away.

Something hot rushed over my face. It smelled dark and spicy, it made me feel safe. I turned towards the scent, trying breath as much of it as I could. Something wet touched my face and throat, cleaning way the warm sticky liquid. I leaned in towards the touch. It was so soft and tender. Slowly I felt myself relax, I was safe. The dark spicy scent would keep me safe.

The arms loosened their hold, letting my own free while keeping me upright. I reached towards the scent. My hands landed on something smooth and warm. I could feel soft vibrations coming from the scent; they travel all the way up my arms and across my whole body. I sighed holding tight to the scent, leaning as close to it as I could.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the fog that was in my mind began to lift, allowing me to become aware of my surroundings. I was hugging Toothless, pressing my face deep into his chest. Behind me was Stoick, hands clasped on my shoulders to keep my steady. All around us was a crowd of Viking, all of them wearing worried expressions.

"Home," I whispered. My voice came out hoarse; my tongue felt heavy, and my throat burned when I talked. "I want to go home, Toothless."

He nodded, dropping down low on the ground. I shrugged off Stoick's hands, slowly climbing on top of Toothless. Feeling tired I laid down across him, wrapping my arms around his neck. Carefully Toothless began to walk towards my house. I closed my eyes, breathing in his scent and allowing his strides to rock me to sleep.

* * *

><p>When I woke up I was in my bed again with someone wrapping a bandage around my neck. Blinking away the sleepiness from my eyes I saw Ruffnut looking down at me with worried frown. That was new; I didn't think the twins ever felt worried.</p>

Behind her was Toothless, he was laying down by Hiccup's bed, though his body was tense. He was staring intently at us, catching every single movement Ruffnut made. I guess that Toothless has been rather cautious these past few days.

I smiled, "Why the long face?" My voice came out choked when I said that, making me cough.

Her frown got deeper, only this time it was with anger. Silently she finished wrapping up my throat before helping me sit up. She handed me a warm cup. I took a sip, it was tea sweetened with honey.

"You're mad, why?"

"He shouldn't have told you," she said scowling. I raised an eyebrow, not understanding what she was referring to.

"Chief Stoick," she clarified. "He shouldn't have told you about Hiccup's leg, at least not until you were better."

"I would have found out sooner or later, so,"

"He could've eased you into it instead of dropping that axe on you," she snapped. "I can't believe that he has the nerve to act surprised at your reaction."

I winced, curling my legs up to my chest. I don't quite remember what

had happened, but I do recall choking and a heart-retching scream. I shivered at the memory of it.

Ruffnut frowned down at me before picking up a comb, "Scoot over here, Snowflake, your hair is a mess and it's about time someone did something about it."

I nodded, moving so that I was seated in front of her. Carefully, Ruffnut passed the comb through each of my curls, making sure to get all the knots out without pulling too hard on my scalp. We didn't say anything, content with the comfortable silence between us. Once all the knots were out style my hair.

"Ruffnut, If were to ask you question would you be honest with me?"

"Yes."

"How did Hiccup really lose his leg? It wasn't Toothless' fault was it?"

Ruffnut's hands stopped abruptly, holding onto a clump of my hair. None of us said anything for several seconds before Ruffnut sighed.

"Does it really matter?" she said, her hands moving once more.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what's more important, the fact that Hiccup lost his leg or how he lost his leg?"

I didn't say anything, allowing her words to sink her words to sink in. What was more important? I guess, that in the end it doesn't really matter how he lost it. The fact of the matter was that he still lost in the end. Maybe I shouldn't be so focused on how Hiccup lost his leg. Maybe I really should be focusing on how I could help him cope with his loss.

"The fact that he lost his leg, and how I can help him cope," I finally said. "That's what's most important."

Ruffnut hummed in approval, tying a ribbon into my hair, "There, now you look like a princess."

I touched my hair; it was pulled up into half a braid with a small ribbon tied into a bow at the end.

"Thanks, Nutty bar," I said turning around to smile at her.

"You're welcome, I was going to leave all of it down but you look good with it up. It shows off your face, especially your pretty eyes."

I felt a blush creep up my cheeks, "They're not that pretty."

"Yes, they are," protested Ruffnut. "Right that her eyes are pretty Toothless."

Toothless let out a happy bark of agreement. Ruffnut smiled

triumphantly back at me. "Two against one, we win."

I tried to scowl at them but it ended up turning into a smile. Shaking my head them I got out of bed stretching my muscles. Everything was still felt sore, but it didn't hurt as much as it used to. Humming in satisfaction I walked over to check on Hiccup's fever. He was a bit warmer than what would be considered normal, but his cheeks had some color to them now.

"His fever went down not too long ago," said Ruffnut. "Good thing to, he had us scared to death yesterday, his fever was so high you could boil water on his forehead."

I frowned, "How long has he had an infection?"

"Not counting today for about three days. My aunt said that it was because spent such a long time exposed."

"It should be gone now," I said. "All that we need to do now is to wait for him to wake up."

"Hopefully it'll be soon. Come on, Snowflake, let's get you something to eat."

I nodded, feeling my stomach rumble, "That sound lovely, do you want to come with us, Toothless?"

He shook his head, looking over at Hiccup.

"Alright," I said. "We'll bring you back some salmon, how does that sound?"

He purred in approval. I giggled kissing his snout good-bye before following Ruffnut outside.

"Thank you for taking care of my brother by the way," I said as we walked down the hill. "It really means a lot to me."

She just shook her head, "Don't mention it, I mostly took care of you. Astrid pretty much took over nursing Hiccup back to health. She hardly let anyone else help out, even if I can dress a wound better than she does."

"That doesn't seem right," I said with a scowl. "If you have more knowledge in healing then shouldn't you be taking care of the sicker patient? No offense to Astrid but no one in her family is a healer; they are all either warriors or shepherds, so her knowledge in healing is pretty basic."

"Well, according to the Chief she is more trustworthy and less likely to get his son killed," she shrugged.

I rolled my eyes, "That's nice, trusting my brother in the care of the same girl who attacked him just because he beat her at Dragon Training."

"Yeah, Astrid told us about that. Nice shot by the way, Gobber had to make her axe a whole new handle. Your arrow went right through the wood."

"Thank you, I was originally going to go for her eye socket but I don't think Hiccup would have appreciated that."

Ruffnut let out a loud laugh, I giggled alongside her. As we got closer to the Great Hall I noticed how much the village had changed. Dragons were everywhere: Up in the sky, perched on top of houses, walking beside villagers, and everyone was perfectly ok with it.

"He really did it," I said in awe. "Hiccup really did stop the war."

"Yes, he did. Hiccup sure is amazing."

Something about the way she said that caught my attention. I looked up at Ruffnut, she had a small smile on her face and her eyes were soft. Overall her whole expression seemed tender, almost like Hiccup's when he-

"Oh, Ruff, I'm so sorry."

She raised an eyebrow, "About what?"

"Hiccup loves Astrid."

"And Astrid likes Hiccup now," she sighed. "Don't worry I'm okay, it's not like he even noticed me before anyway."

A sudden realization dawned on me, "But it's not fair, you've like him long before Astrid."

"How do you figure that?"

"You never teased Hiccup when you were by yourself, and when you hit it was only when Tuffnut and Snotlout started it," I listed, feeling tears rise in my eyes. "Not to mention you always stopped by the forge at least once a week. I thought that you just liked to look at the weapons but I guess that you were looking at something else, weren't you?"

She smiled sadly at me, "Like I said Astrid likes Hiccup now, and even though we aren't the greatest of friends I don't want to end our friendship over a boy, even if he is your brother."

I developed a new found respect for Ruffnut at that moment.

"You know something, Nutty bar, people really underestimate how mature you really are."

She chuckled, "Is that so?"

"You're willing to let go of a boy for the sake of a friendship, that's something not even Astrid would do. In fact, if she really liked him she would've fought with all claws out, friendship or not."

"That does sound like Astrid. No offence, Snowflake, but as much as like your brother I like to live a bit more."

"I can understand that," I gave her a sideways hug. "And I'm sure that you'll find your own incredibly sweet and equally crazy

guy."

Ruffnut sent me a grateful smile before opening the Great Hall doors. The moment we stepped inside everyone stopped to look at us. All the villagers wore different expressions some were cautious, others were relieved, but mainly all of them were worried.

"Long time no see," I greeted nonchalantly, making my way towards the table where the other teens were waving at us.

"Good to see you're okay and not, you know, trying to claw your throat out," said Tuffnut as I sat down. Ruffnut punched him in the face before handing me a plate of chicken and a cup of milk.

"So how are you really?" asked Fishlegs eying my bandages.

I paused, trying my best to evaluate my emotions properly, "I guess that overall I'm coping. It's still really hard to swallow but I'll get there, eventually."

"Yeah, I get it," nodded Snotlout. "I'm still having a hard time accepting that Hiccup is going to be walking around with a peg leg now."

I wrinkled my nose, trying to picture Hiccup with a wooden leg, I couldn't.

"I don't know, Snotlout, peg legs don't really scream Hiccup."

Astrid raised an eyebrow, "What does scream Hiccup?"

"Metal and leather," I answered easily. "Something clever, something that's unique."

"So a metal prosthetic," said Fishlegs. "It fits."

"It does," nodded Astrid. "Are you going to ask Gobber to make one?"

I took a sip of my milk, "Yes. Hiccup had been tinkering with some new designs for prosthetics, I'll just flip through them and pick the one that suits him better."

"Well, you might want to hurry," said Fishlegs. "Gobber's been trying to rebuild Toothless' tailfin and from what I could see the foot pedal needs to match the prosthetic."

I scowled, "How did you find the blue prints for the tailfin? The only ones that included the foot pedal were in a drawer in his workshop."

Everyone looked at Astrid, she shrugged sheepishly.

"You snooped through my brother's stuff?!"

She nodded, "Sorry, it was my idea to have Toothless' tailfin rebuilt so we could surprise Hiccup when he woke up and to do so we need to find the blue prints."

"Apology not accepted."

"Why not?"

I held up two fingers, "One, you invaded my brother's privacy while he was unconscious. Good intentions or not, that was still rude. Two, it's not me you should apologize to, it's Hiccup."

"Fair enough, I will," she said.

"That was disappointing," grumbled Tuffnut. "I could've sworn you were going to punch Astrid or something."

I laughed, "Maybe, but right now I'm more focused on getting this chicken into my stomach, good Thor, I'm starved."

Everyone laughed as I bit greedily into my chicken leg, ripping it clean within seconds. Fishlegs passed me a plate of mutton, which I ate more slowly savoring the taste.

"So, Snow I—" began Astrid.

"Don't call me 'Snow,'" I interrupted, "Don't call me by my nickname, only Hiccup and sometimes Gobber can call me that."

"What about Ruffnut?" asked her twin. "She calls you 'Snowflake', isn't that a nickname?"

"Because she's my best girl friend, that's why."

"So, only Hiccup, Gobber and Ruffnut get to call you by a nickname."

"Yes, as of now only those three are allowed to call me by a pet name."

"I feel so special right now," grinned Ruffnut.

"As you should," I smiled.

"Wait, doesn't Mom call you 'Storm'?" asked Snotlout, puzzled.

I sighed, "Only because Aunt Gunndis believes she's my surrogate mother, and I gave up trying to correct her since I was eight."

"Yeah, Mom always did want a girl. Wait, if Mom isn't your surrogate mother who is?"

"Hiccup."

The boys stared at me for a second before bursting out in laughter. Astrid and Ruffnut were giving me sad looks. Fishlegs was the first to stop laughing, noticing that I was serious.

"You're being honest, right?" asked Astrid. "You actually see Hiccup as your surrogate mother?"

"And Father," I added.

"But you still have a father," protested Fishlegs. "Chief Stoick."

I rolled my eyes, "Yes and we can all see what a great father he is. Hiccup and I turned out so well."

"Again, you are one sad, sad little girl," said Tuffnut shaking his head.

I looked around the table, everyone was wearing somber expressions, each varying in degrees of sadness and guilt. I suppressed a sigh, seriously, I was sick of the pitying looks people often gave me. What was it about me that made people feel so bad?

"That's the story of my life," I said getting up with a shrug. "Now if you'll excuse me I have a Night Fury to feed and a Blacksmith to talk to."

"I'll go with you," offered Ruffnut.

"You don't have to, you know? I'm feeling better now."

"I know, but what are friends for?"

* * *

><p>It turned out that Gobber had already found Hiccup's prosthetic blue prints. Making him a very clever metal prosthetic along with the tailfin and saddle. My heart nearly burst with joy at the sight of the tailfin. It was bright red with a white Viking skull in the middle. It was built with love and dedication, a sign that Gobber fully accepted dragons into Berk. That thought alone was enough to keep me in a good mood all the way back home.</p>

I hummed softly, gently wiping Hiccup's face clean with a damp cloth. By my feet was Toothless, munching away at his salmon, content to be eating inside for once. I was so caught up in my own world that I didn't notice someone else entering the room.

"Snowstorm, you're home," said Stoick. His voice was lace with an odd combination of relief, joy, sadness, guilt, and worry. The sound of it alone was enough for my lips to twitch downward.

"Yes," I answered, not looking at him. "I live here."

I heard the floorboards creak as he shifted his weight from one foot to another, it was almost as if he wanted say something but he didn't know how. For the second time today I suppressed a sigh, I really wasn't in the mood to go through an awkward 'conversation' with him. '_Might as well get this over with._'

"Do you have something you want to say?" I asked looking at him for the first time. His brow was scrunched up and he was frowning but he didn't look mad. Instead his eyes were filled with sorrow and regret. Well, that was new.

He nodded, "Yes, I just want to know that I'm sorry, for this morning. I shouldn't have dropped that piece of information on you so suddenly, especially considering you had just woken up."

"Apology accepted," I said. "Even though I would have found out

eventually."

"Snowstorm, I-I just want you to know that I wasn't trying to blame your dragon I-"

"Stop, just stop," I held up a hand. "It doesn't matter how he lost his leg anymore, what matters now is how we can help Hiccup cope with his loss."

Stoick nodded seriously, "You're right, Hiccup is going to need us now more than ever."

I found myself scowling at his words, somehow put off by them. Stoick caught my look, quickly interpreting it with me becoming bored with our 'conversation.'

"Good talk," he said. "I'll be in the kitchen if you need me."

Again I didn't know why but his words really put me off. Maybe it was the way he said them. They were filled with so much worry and caution, which combined with the guilty sorrowful look he kept on giving us almost made it look like he actually cared about us. Maybe that's why I scoffed.

"That's new, you actually being there."

He paused, "What do you mean?"

Gods, did I hate the bewildered look on his face.

"You were never there when we needed you the most, so why are you trying to do so now?" I hissed glaring at him. "Is it because we nearly died? Is that why you're finally starting to care?"

His face turned indignant, "I've always cared about you two, you're my children."

"Well, you sure have a great way of showing it," I snorted. "I'm sorry that I didn't know that neglect meant love now-a-days."

Stoick looked down at the floor in guilt, "I know that I haven't always been around but I always thought that you two knew that I did care about you."

Angry tears rose up in my eyes, I quickly blinked them away.

"Well, I'm sorry it's rather hard to know that someone cares about you when they hardly do anything to prove it," I snapped. "I can't even remember the last time you've even given me a hug, but I guess that I still should've known."

"Oh, Snowstorm, I-"

"Do you know how hard it is?! To go years without as much as an 'I love you'? To never have anyone say 'I'm proud of you' without you having to do something spectacular?!"

Stoick's face filled with shame, "I'm sorry, I never knew you felt that way."

"I'm not talking about myself, I'm talking about Hiccup," I hissed. "I don't care if you proud of me or if you love me. I'll only get hurt if I do, I learned that lesson a long time ago. I don't need you, I have Hiccup, but for some reason he still cares."

"Oh, Snowstorm, I'm so sorry. I never meant for things to turn out this way," he said, his face crippled with shame and regret. Some dark part of me felt satisfaction at the sight of it.

"Well, it did," I said softly looking away from him.

Stoick took a deep breath, "I'm sorry, I wasn't there when you needed me and I never let you know that I do love you. I know now that I wasn't the father the two of you deserved, and I understand that you hate me because of it. I can't ask you to love again, that wouldn't be right, but could you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

I blinked, could I truly find it in my heart to forgive Stoick? Part of me didn't want to, it wanted to push and hurt just like he had hurt us. But there was another part of me that felt differently. I looked down at Hiccup, he looked so peaceful and content. I knew that if he were awake he would be heartbroken at the scene in front of him. There's nothing he wants more than for us to be a family again, so who am I to deny him, after all he's done?

"I'll try, for Hiccup," I finally said. "But don't you think for a moment that I'll ever forget what you've done."

Stoick nodded, "I wouldn't ask you to."

We didn't speak to each other for the rest of the day. That night as I curled beside Hiccup I cried myself to sleep, hating myself when the word 'daddy' passed through my lips.

* * *

><p>Here's the deal people, just because someone is a great leader that does not automatically make them a great father. Stoick is a great example of that, but he is still not as bad as Odin from Thor. Honestly that man makes me want to punch something, namely his face.

Yes, I am one of those weird people who feel that Hiccup would make a great couple with Ruffnut. I mean come on, she's an adrenaline junkie, he's a daredevil (On dragons) it's a match made in heaven.

Also, I feel that the twins are actually much smarter and mature than people make them out to be. Several episodes from DreamWorks Dragons can prove that. The only problem is that they always goof off around one another that people believe that that's how they always are.

Yes, Snow and Stoick still have unresolved issues, but they will be addressed once Hiccup wakes up. If Gobber was the link between Hiccup and Stoick, then Hiccup is the link between Stoick and Snow.

Til next time, be safe, be smart, and be a good friend that doesn't forget to give out review. Bye~~~

17. Awaken (We Need To Talk)

**Long time no update my friends, ha ha ha! Seriously, sorry for the delay, I am as many of you know, in college. That is enough to get any writer behind on their stories. I tried to be as punctual as I could but life happens. **

**On to business, Hiccup does wake up in this chapter. But I will like to point out that Snow and Stoick's relationship doesn't automatically get better when he does. Hiccup does address some issues and helps Snow acknowledge them but the actual mending needs to be done by Snow and Stoick themselves. **

Also this chapter will shift from Snow's POV to Hiccup's.

Disclaimer; I own nothing.

* * *

><p>It's been five days since Stoick and I had that talk and things were still awkward. They weren't hostile or angry, just awkward. We could barely look at one another in the eye without him looking cautious and guilty and me feeling conflicted. But we were trying so that was something, I think.</p>

We made it an effort to have breakfast and dinner together, which I had to cook, something he didn't know I could do. Needless to say the first few days were exhausting. Stoick would ask questions about Hiccup and me all throughout the meal in an effort to catch up on all those things he missed. With every question I had to keep myself in check, which meant no eye rolling, no sarcastic remarks, and especially no judging looks. I find it funny how I have a much easier time biting my tongue when the questions involve me than when they focus on Hiccup.

Seriously, I had to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from glaring at Stoick when he asked what Hiccup's favorite color was. He had two, Cerulean blue that matched Astrid's eyes and Toxic green that was 'Toothless'.

Aside from the obvious strained relationship I had with my father, I was getting along well with everyone else. Ruffnut and I would have lunch together every day. Though, I think that was mainly an excuse to get me out of the house. After we'd eaten she'd drag me around just to make sure I got some sun. It was mainly a few stops at the forge or a quick flight on Barf and Belch but it was something.

It was nice to see all the dragons get along with their riders. Well, almost all of them. Hookfang and Snotlout would get into disputes at least once a day. It was mainly due to Snotlout trying to assert his dominance. If it weren't so funny to watch I would've explained that it didn't work that way.

My relationship with Astrid was actually going a lot better than I thought. We had yet to have a fight, even about Bluebird. Yeah, it is actually good for Astrid to have her as a dragon, that shield-maiden needed something to mellow her out. The only argument we had was on

who should put Hiccup's prosthetic on him, Stoick ended up doing it.

Things were going well, now the only thing that would make them perfect would be for Hiccup to wake up.

"_Through wood and glade I wander,_" I sang softly, gently wiping Hiccup's face clean as I did so."_Gathering blossoms as I go._"

Hiccup used to sing me this song all the time when I was little. It always cheered me up during thunderstorms.

"_I'll bring them to my lady
>That her heart she may bestow.
Shall I bring her roses
>Or lilacs for her hair?
But the finest bloom of all
>Is the love that we two share"

Toothless crooned beside me, staring intently at Hiccup as if willing for something to happen. His rumpling got more excited as Hiccup's face twitched. I rolled my eyes in amusement this was another false alarm, something that had sadly happened several times before. Looking back down at my brother my eyes widened in shock.

Hiccup's eyes had fluttered open.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's Pov

I could hear a song. It was warm and happy. I knew that song, even more I knew that voice. It was young and light, sweeter than a meadow Lark's and completely heavenly. I slowly opened my eyes, wanting to the face that owned that sweet voice.

Snow looked down at me in shock before her face melted into a loving smile, tears of relief swelling in her eyes. She looked so pretty. Her curls were up in a ponytail and she had two small braids framing her sweet face. She never looked as happy as she did then.

"Good morning," I smiled at her.

"Good afternoon," she giggled.

Before I could say anything else Toothless started licking my face, yowling happily at me.

"Toothless?" I said bewildered. "You're in my house! What are you doing in my house? Snow, what's he doing in my house?"

I didn't get an answer. Snow just laughed when Toothless started prancing around the room, hitting me in the stomach as he did so.

"You guys are no help," I grumbled lifting up the covers off me to get up. My whole body froze when I caught sight of my feet, or foot. Toothless and Snow stopped what they were doing, looking at me with worried expressions. Silently I swung both legs off the bed, taking a deep breath when I only felt one foot touch the ground.

Snow placed a comforting hand on my shoulder. I put my own hand over it, giving her a small smile. She returned it with a sad one of her own before helping me to my feet. I took a few shaky steps, nearly tumbling down but Toothless caught me in time. With my two best friends on either side of me I managed to make it to the door.

"Close your eyes," said Snow as I reached out to open it.

"Why?"

"Because it'll be worth it if you do."

I looked down at her skeptically but I closed my eyes non-the-less. Taking hold of my hand Snow slowly led me outside. My ears picked up the typical sounds of the village along with something else. It sounded like dragons?

"You can open them now."

Blinking my eyes open I gasped at what I saw. There were dragons everywhere, perched on houses, walking beside villagers, flying with villagers.

"I knew it, I'm dead," I said not believing my eyes. It was just too good to be true.

Snow giggled beside me quickly joined by a familiar hearty chuckle.

"No, but you gave it your best shot," said Dad patting me in the back.

"Don't you ever do that again," added Snow.

Suddenly we were surrounded by the village. Every single one of them was smiling and cheering happily that I had awoken; It was just like when I was top student in Dragon Training only this time it was for the real me and not for the lies.

"Is this truly real?" I wondered.

"Yes, it turns out that all we needed was a little more of this," said Dad waving his hand in front of my whole body.

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Exactly," said Dad and Snow at the same time, both of them wearing proud smiles.

"Well, almost all of you. That bit is my doing," said Gobber pointing to my prosthetic. "With a little Hiccup flare added to it, what do you think?"

I looked down at it critically.

"I might make a few tweaks," I admitted earning chuckles from the crowd.

Then Astrid broke through the wall of Vikings. She looked different, more beautiful even. She still wore her hair in the same braid and the same spiked armor but something about her had changed. Then it hit me, she was smiling. Gone was her usual stern expression, now Astrid looked content even happy.

Her smile grew as she reached me, pulling her hand back to hit me in the arm.

"That's for scaring me."

"Ow," I protested rubbing my arm. "Is this how things are going to be now because-"

She never let me finish. Just like she done back in the cove she grabbed my tunic pulling towards her. Only this time it was my lips that she kissed. Instantly my mind went blank, the only thing keeping me from floating away was her hold on my tunic.

"I could get used to it," I murmured when she pulled away. Gods, I sounded like a love sick puppy but at that moment my insides were too busy melting to care.

"Please don't," drawled Snow. "Any mushier and I would've puked."

"You're a real kill joy, you know that?"

She just smirked at me, "And you're a helpless romantic but you don't see me complaining, much."

"Night Fury, get down," someone shouted from inside the crowd. Sure enough, Toothless had pounced his way into the crowd, knocking down my uncle Spitelout in the process.

"Looks like someone is impatient to try out our gift for you," smiled Astrid.

"What gift?"

"This gift, lad," answered Gobber, handing me a large leather bundle. "It was the least we could do for you."

I looked down at the saddle and tailfin in awe. They weren't exactly like the old ones. No, these were much better. It was obvious that Gobber had put a lot of time and effort into them.

"Thank you," I murmured, not knowing what else to say.

"Don't just stand there," laughed Snow. "Let's fly."

Within moments we were up in the clouds racing with the rest of our friends. I smiled widely up at the sky, truly happy with my life at that moment. My Dad was proud of me, the village finally accepted me, the girl of my dreams liked me back, and best of all I had my two best friends by my side. Things were finally starting to look up.

* * *

><p>There you have it folks. It took me over five months but

I finally finished it. Next time I will post Gift of the Night Fury and maybe The Legend of the Boneknapper.

Also in between writing Riders of Berk I will also be open to writing prompts from people. There are so many what if scenarios that just need to be written. I am open to anything so be free to let your imagination run wild. They can be as in modern day, cross-overs, or just plain silly don't be shy. However, if you want to see how a specific scenario might play out please be as detailed as you can. You can PM me or just post your suggestions as reviews I'm not picky.

Yes, that like song is from Jane and the Dragon. I love that show, Dragon is so sweet! Is it weird that I ship Jane and Gunther?

Til next time be safe, be f-

Wait, what? What do you mean I'm not finished yet? I forgot to write the heart-to-heart talk between Hiccup and Snow? Oops, silly me. Well, here you go.

* * *

><p>Despite things being better now they weren't perfect. I still needed to learn how to deal with my new foot on land, which was ironic, considering that I could still steer Toothless' tailfin perfectly with it. Not to mention, things were still strained between Dad and Snowstorm. I was used to thick walls of ice between them but right now they acted like they were walking on eggshells. Every singly conversation was awkward, neither of them knowing what say without risking to accidentally hurt the other. It would've been considered an improvement from the way things used to be if Snow didn't look so exhausted afterwards.</p>

What made it even worse was that neither of them would tell me what was going on. They just said that it was something they needed to work out between the two of them and left it at that.

"Alright, I've stood by long enough. What's going on between you and Dad?"

Snow looked up at me from the wash tub in surprise, her hands still holding onto a tunic.

"What _about _me and Sto- er, I mean Father?"

"_That's_ what I mean," I said, giving her a stern look. "All week it's been nothing but fake smiles, awkward conversations, and you having to remember to call Dad 'Father'. Now, I'm only going to ask you one more time. What's going on between the two of you?"

Snow just shrugged, scrubbing at the laundry once more, "Father and I have issues we need to work through, its nothing you need to worry about."

"What kind of issues? Maybe I can help."

"Like I said its nothing for you to worry about, let it go."

"No, I won't let it go," I shook my head. " You two are my family and it hurts to see you two not get along."

"We haven't gotten along in years, Hiccup. Why does it matter now?"

"Because you're trying! Or at least Dad's trying, but you're holding back. Why?"

Snow sighed, getting up to wring out the clothes, "I told you I have issues I need to deal with, that's all."

"What kind of issues?"

"Just issues."

"Snow I want to help but you need to tell me what's going on."

"I did tell you, they're just issues. I'll get through them eventually."

"For Odin's sake, will you just tell me," I exclaimed. "Why don't you want to talk with me about it?"

"Because I can handle it on my own," she snapped. "I don't want to burden you. Don't worry about me, I'll be fine."

"No, you can," I protested. "If you could we wouldn't be having this conversation."

"Yes, I can!" shouted Snow, throwing the tunics back into the tub in anger. "If you're not going to let it go then you can just leave!"

I let out a loud breath, running my hand through my hair. I didn't like this. I didn't like fighting with my baby sister, and I especially didn't like it when she pushed me away.

"Please don't do this, Snow," I said softly. "Please don't shut me out."

Snowstorm sighed letting her body slump, almost as if her anger had evaporated, "I'm not trying to shut you out."

"Then talk to me," I pleaded. "Please."

She let out an exasperated snarl, "It's hard ok? It's hard to forgive him?"

"Him? You mean Dad? Why?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'm trying, Hiccup, I really am. It's just that every time I look at him I remember what he did and it makes it so hard to do so."

"Have you tried to, you know, forget what he did. It's called 'Forgive and Forget' for a reason, Snow."

She shook her head stubbornly, "No, I can't forget what he did."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to," she whispered. "If I forget what he did then I'll let my guard down and if I do that,"

"Then you might get hurt again," I finished for her. She nodded.

"Oh, Snow, Dad's not going to hurt you again," I reassured wrapping my arms around her.

"How do you know?"

"Because he promised."

Snow scoffed, "Just like he promised that he'll stop looking for the nest?"

I winced. Every year after coming back empty handed from a hunt Dad would promise Snow that would be the last time only to break it the following year. It was one of the few promises that Snow actually hoped the kept.

"How about when he promised that he'll be proud of us no matter what? Or what about his promise to always be there for us and protect us from harm?"

I ran my hand through her curls as her voice broke into dry sobs. My arms tightened around her, pulling her close to my chest.

"How can I trust him, Hiccup? How can I be sure that he won't break this promise like he did all the others?"

: "Because he asked me to teach him your lullabies," I whispered. "Because I trust that things will be different this time. Because I won't let him hurt you again. Snow, do you trust me?"

"With my life," she sniffled.

"Then trust me when I say this, you don't ever have to worry about getting hurt again," I said, gently kissing her temple.

"Do you promise?"

"On my soul," I swore, gently rubbing circles down her back. "We can have a fresh start now, Snow, all of us can. But you need to let go of the past to do so. Do you get what I'm trying to say?"

She nodded, "I need to let go of what Father did if I want to trust him in the future."

"That's all I'm asking for,"

"It's still hard," she protested weakly.

"I know," I said kissing her temple once more. "But you'll get there, you'll get there."

* * *

><p>I feel that we can all agree that this chapter proves my belief that Hiccup acts like a mom towards Snowstorm. Seriously, that girl has major trust issues. Not towards men, though. Hiccup more or less prevented that, sort of. She just doesn't trust authority figures and developed a strong belief that if they were parents then they would be horrible ones. "A great leader doesn't always make a good parent,' is her motto. Again Hiccup is an exception to this.

**Snow does however have a strong disdain towards relationships and marriage. To her love is hard to come by and not worth the heartbreak that you are inevitably going to receive. She feels that if she does get married it will be to form a tribe alliance and that it will be mostly dull and loveless. To be fair she didn't have the greatest examples in love. She hardly remembers her parent's marriage and what she does remember is mostly of her mother never being around. Her brother had to train a dragon to impress his crush and her best friend had her love interest swept away from her before she had a chance. Hopefully it's just her age talking and she'll grow out of it, but I highly doubt that. **

Don't forget to tell me how you felt about this chapter, along with your ideas and prompts.

Til next time be safe, be trusting and be forgiving, Bye~

P.S. Seriously, I love you guys. I wouldn't have been able to make it this far without your support. Thank you so much, you people are amazing. 3

End
file.